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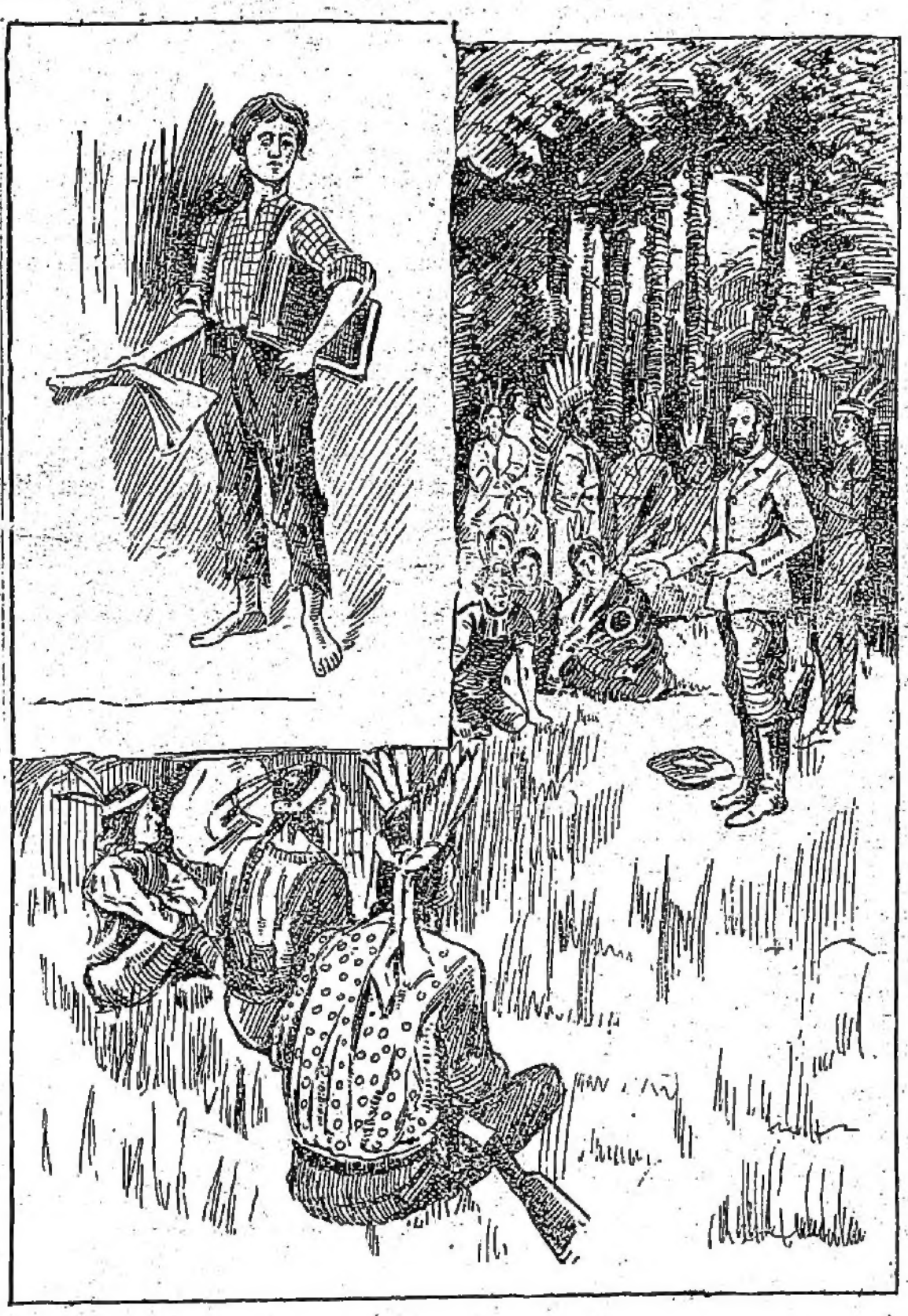
Missionary Tim.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Gilbert R. Kirlew, in 'Home Magazine.')

Tim was a Manchester street Arab, shoeless and ragged—just an ordinary, rough, neglected child, with bright eyes under a thatch of tangled hair, who slept out when he had no place to sleep in, and whose father—his only parent—was well known to the police.



The one oasis in Tim's desert life, his one refuge from kicks and curses, was the Ragged School. He could scent out tea-parties and gifts of clothing as keenly as any other half-starved child.

'Teacher, give us a clog-ticket,' he pleaded one Sunday in the early winter, and the appeal, seconded by his bare toes, was granted.

He ran home, a proud and happy boy, with the wooden-soled Lancashire clogs clasped to his bosom—the only pair of shoes of any kind he had ever possessed.

Far too grand were they for every-day use! 'How can I keep them,' he thought, 'where father won't pawn them for drink?'

His grit, originality and determination came out in the plan he adopted. In a plot of vacant ground near-by, he dug a hole and privately buried them!

Alas! the interment was not secret enough; for next Sunday morning he dug and dug, but found no clogs. They were gone!

It was a bitter loss, but the thought of it has helped him to bear many a disappointment since.

Just as his teens were reached, a piece of good fortune came to poor, forlorn little Tim. A friend, the friend of his life, took him to a home for rescued waifs. Now the days of nakedness and hunger were over; he donned a red jacket, and went out shoeblacking, and in time he was advanced to the carpenter's bench. Still, it was a wild, untamed spirit that inhabited the smart red jacket, and many were the scrapes and troubles of Tim's boyhood.

But softly, gently, in unknown ways, there came a great change.

His friend's prayers were heard for the headstrong youth, so full of character and possibilities for good; the untamed heart opened to a Saviour's love, and the free street Arab vowed himself to the service of Christ.

Naturally, this meant the service of his brethren.

A knock came one night at his friend's office door, 'Come in, Tim. Well, still trusting in Jesus and looking bright?'

'Yes, sir, but I'd like to save my little brother from the streets. He's just about as old as I was when you took me in.'

What a joy it was to help the big boy to save the little one, who lives to-day. A good and prosperous man.

When Tim's apprenticeship came to an end, he had been for some time an open-air preacher and a worker in the common lodging-houses—the very places where he was known before as a wild untaught lad.

But he longed for more and harder work for God, and a speech from Dr. Harry Guinness at a young men's meeting fired his heart with desire to help the dark heathen. These wishes were strengthened by a visit to Mildmay Conference, where he heard Mr. Spurgeon and others.

It is several years now since a stalwart young emigrant, with his carpenter's tools in his box, set sail for Canada.

The friends he made there soon told him the great North-West needed ministers of the gospel as much as carpenters, and suggested that he should go to college.

Easier said than done, even in Canada! The preliminary examination was about a hundred miles off, and Tim had no money for railway fares.

It was a little country school house where the examiners sat, and they had done their work and locked the door behind themselves and their candidates, when another student appeared, very tired, and without a dry thread on him, but eager.

It was Tim. He had walked the whole hundred miles, wading a good part of the way knee-deep through the flooded plains, to find himself just too late.

Grit like this was not to be denied. The door was unlocked again, and the damp aspirant put triumphantly through his facings and sent to college. How indeed could they have had the heart to 'pluck' him?

In the same spirit Tim met and wrestled with the further difficulties of his career.

One of the happiest days of his old friend's life was the Sunday four years ago, when he sat in a Methodist church on the far side of the Rockies, and saw Tim, his 'son in the faith,' set solemnly apart by the laying on of hands to the work of preaching the gospel. During his last year at New Westminster College, he had been preaching in a little wooden church in that thoroughly wooden town, but now that he was ordained he asked for harder work.

'Send me to the Red Indians,' he said. 'I'm young and strong; and I didn't come into Christ's ministry for a soft job.'

So Tim's first regular pastorate was up the Skeena River, in British Columbia, with the Indians to spend the winter there, and come down to the coast in summer for the salmon fishing.

He was nearly drowned on the journey; but he just caught the end of the canoe as he fell out of it, and his strong young arms conquered the swift current of the Skeena for that time.

Then he settled down for his first winter among the Indians—the only white man for hundreds of miles, shut out for five months by long leagues of snow from all intercourse with civilization.

As he said, he could study astronomy to great advantage through the roof of his hut, and could perfect himself in cookery for his own benefit, and in surgery for that of the natives, to whom he was doctor and judge, as well as preacher.

The ex-street Arab was a magistrate, too, entitled to write J.P., after his name, and to administer the law over a district as large as England. What would he have said in the old days, if some flash of prophecy had revealed that bit of the future to him, as he scudded barefoot through the streets to avoid the 'copper'!

Next winter was less lonely, for a brave Canadian girl was not afraid to put her hand in his, and go out into the wilds with him.

His Braves received Mrs. Tim with great respect, and with even greater awe did they look on Mrs. Tim's harmonium.

'She is a good singer,' they said, (meaning the instrument, not the lady). 'Shan't we make her a deer-skin shirt, to keep her from being cold-sick?'

Tim's present ambition is to bring his wife to see his friends in the Old Country, but the journey is costly, and a Methodist preacher's stipend is modest.

When a few dollars are laid by, some stone-broke miner from Klondyke happens along, or some of the Braves or papooses, get ill, or something expensive occurs to somebody, and Tim's heart is not hard enough to keep his purse shut.

So his bright face has not yet been seen again 'at home,' as he pathetically calls it —poor home as it was to him.

To those who knew him in England, the thought of the true manly life of devotion to God and man he is living so far away is a motive for trying to lift other young lives out of the cruel streets, in whose mire Tim was once in danger of being trampled.

This story reads like a romance; but every word of it is absolutely true.

How we Studied the Temperance Lesson.

(By Emma Gaves Dietrick, in 'Sunday School Times.')

It was a beautiful Sunday in the late fall, just the sort of day that makes a restless, wide-awake boy want to be outdoors instead of quietly in Sunday-school. There were seven of my nine present, and all alike bubbling over with life and fun. Now, it is my experience that there is little use in a system of repression expressed in continual 'don'ts,' especially with boys as old as these, —for they are fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen years of age.

It was the temperance lesson, and the verses were in Proverbs and not one of them appealed directly to these boys, who were brimful of enthusiasm over yesterday's football game.

Here was the teacher's problem: Given seven active, restless young fellows, interested chiefly in fun and frolic, and a Sunday-school lesson composed of wise maxims intended to be used in enforcing temperance truths,—how can the two be so combined that the result will make for nobler manhood, higher aims, and a greater love for Bible truths? Did we accomplish anything? Yes, I believe we did.

First, you must bear in mind that there had been established, months before, a real bond of fellowship between teacher and class. They are positively sure that their teacher is thoroughly interested in base-ball, foot-ball, the last school examination, a game of hare and hounds, a new wheel, or anything else that comes into their bright young lives, and they are right. Whatever touches my boys touches me.

This time they eagerly told of yesterday's game, and 'who beat.' It was very easy to ask if the home team had any rules for training, and what they were, and of what use. After the boys had told, in their animated way, how the team trained, it was perfectly appropriate to say, 'Boys, if you were going to form a club for a good time, what rules would you have?' If you had seen the faces, you would have known how fully they entered into the idea. 'Don't swear,' 'No drinking,' 'No smoking,' 'Don't quarrel,' 'No gambling allowed,' 'Fellows mustn't act like rowdies,' 'If you don't like the club, get out, but don't kick up a row,' were some of the rules named.

The teacher said, approvingly, 'That's quite a strong list, but I wonder if you noticed one thing those rules all have in common;' A brief silence, and one said, 'Is it the 'don't' part?' 'Yes,' was the answer; 'it is what we call a set of negative rules. Now I'd like some positive ones.' This took some thought, but one by one the boys responded with 'Be sober,' 'Be clean,' 'Be honest,' 'Be true,' and one, with a twinkle in his eye, added, 'Be-have.'

'That is fine,' was the teacher's comment. 'Now the next thing is to find a way to live these rules. I shall never be satisfied to have my boys live on a negative plan,—simply not to do bad things. I want positive living, the being the best things. How shall we do it?'

A brief article such as this must be will not suffice to give the whole of the next twenty-minute talk on true, clean living. It was not a lecture by the teacher, but a real heart-to-heart talk. We defined temperance for ourselves as using all good things carefully, and letting all bad things alone. Every bit of the teaching was along positive instead of negative lines, and it would have done your heart good to see the boys hunt through the day's lesson for rules of practice. It was not only easy, but perfectly natural, to say, as the lesson time ended, 'You see, boys, Christ was a man of positive character; and, if you mean to live true, brave, strong, manly lives, you will just have to take him for your model, and his word for your guide.'

We had talked the lesson over as applying to ourselves, not simply What does the lesson mean? but What does it mean to me? and when the closing bell struck, one of the boys said, 'We're had a splendid lesson. I've always thought Proverbs was dry till to-day;' and another added, 'I like temperance lessons like this; it sticks to a fellow.'

Does this mean preparation on the part of the teacher? Indeed it does,—and not only study, but prayer every day of the week. It means study of the lesson and study of the class, and prayer for grace to fit the lesson to each one's need.

Our Book Corner.

A charming book for children, entitled 'Sleepy Time Stories,' by Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, beautifully illustrated by Maud Humphrey, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. (For sale by Wm. Foster Brown, 2323 St. Catherine street, Montreal. Price, $1.50.)

Chauncey M. Depew, in his introduction, says:—'Far more useful than the authors of the "Arabian Nights," is the writer who captures and captivates budding intelligence, and becomes a moulding force in its development. In the dreary desert of child lore it is like an oasis to the thirsty soul to find so bright, loving, and natural an interpreter and instructor as Mrs. Ballington Booth. Her great talent as a speaker upon devotional and religious subjects, and her exceptional talent in making them intelligible and popular in drawing-rooms and in the slums, are evident in these sketches.'

Some of the chapters are entitled 'Butterfly-Blue and Butterfly-Dear,' 'Tiger-Lily's Death, and Dandelion's Doings,' 'Baby Dimple's Yellow Canary leaves Home,' 'Yellow Dickey's Troubles.' The story of two little lambs is a particularly sweet good-night tale. The foolish little lamb, who disobediently leaves the safe shelter of the great pasture with its tender grass and running streams, because he 'wants to do just as he likes,' finds that dangers are not always pleasant, nor satisfying. The straying lamb lies down in the forest to sleep, but his bleatings have reached the ear of a cruel mountain lion who comes swiftly creeping to the spot, only other in surprise, and then the little Black Lamb (for it was a Lamb also), said inquiringly: 'Where have you come from?' 'From home.' 'Where is home?' 'Why, home is the green pastures and the beautiful fields, and the clear stream, and the flowers, and the sunshine.' And at the very thought of it all, the poor little lamb began to cry.

'What did you come here for, then?, I would have stayed there if I had any such nice place as that to live in.'

'Don't you come from a place like that? I thought all lambs lived where I did, and only wolves lived out in horrid dark places like these.'

'No, I do not come from there,' answered the Black Lamb. . . . 'Well, why on earth did you come away? If I had all those good things, and lived in a lovely place, I would not come away here to look for wolves and hunger and dangerous places to tumble down.'

'I did not come down to look for them,' bleated the poor little Lamb, I just jumped the stream, because I wanted to get my own way, and do what I liked, but I did not know I would get into such a path and be so miserable.'

'What's the good of having your own way? I have always had that and it is all stones, and tumbles, and hard places, and hunger, and cold, and loneliness; but I do not know any other way or I would try to find it.'

The way in which both little Lambs called at last for the Shepherd and were carried tenderly home by Him, after being washed and made white as snow, brings the tale to the happy termination without which no child's story is perfect. Parents will find this an instructive as well as highly entertaining book for the little ones.

BOYS AND GIRLS

What Belonged to Jean.

(By Ruth Cady, in 'Forward.')

As the packing of her trunk went on the little wrinkle of discontent deepened in Jean's forehead. The summer dresses were last year's, not a new one among them, and she was tired of them.

'Dear me, I wish I could have fresh new things, every season, like some of the other girls. If I ever get what belongs to me—'

The impatient sentence broke there, but her thoughts ran on in the way Jean's thoughts had a fashion of running. How delightful it would be to have all the things she wanted and live the life that suited her, if only Aunt Jean would ever learn that she was old enough to understand and decide for herself! Her imagination ran riot among beautiful plans, that might be carried out if she were in possession of what belonged to her. To do her justice it must be admitted that they were not selfish plans, and they delighted her girl friends as well as herself.

'Only you do not know what does belong to you,' urged her cousin Leslie sometimes. 'You are not really sure that your Aunt Jean is holding any property of yours.'

'There must be something,' Jean declared positively. 'Everybody says Aunt Jean has money, and my father was her brother — half-brother, I mean—so it isn't likely that everything was left to her. Besides, why should she have taken charge of us at all, or said the things she did! I remember very well what she wrote in a letter to Tom, though I was only a little girl. He showed me the letter by mistake, so I didn't have a chance to read much of it, but she said: "You know what your inheritance is, and you must shape your life accordingly, as for Jean, she is too young to understand such matters, and it is best that she should be told nothing about her father's affairs. It is enough for her to be provided with what she needs while she is at school, and I'll attend to that." You see there must be something, and at nineteen I think I am old enough to be told what belongs to me, and to have a voice in expending my own money. It's like Aunt Jean's old-fashioned notions to treat me still as a child, and dole out a miserable little allowance that keeps me pinching, and scrimping to make ends meet.'

Yet, it was really less the smallness of the allowance than a feeling of injury at not receiving more, that troubled Jean. She did not even make the most of what she had, because she was always hoping that next season might bring more. But year after year Aunt Jean had sent only the same amount, and a touch of bitterness ran through all the girl's pleasures. The two or three weeks with a schoolmate in the country would have been pleasant enough if she had not felt that she might just as well have been enjoying the seaside or the mountains. And that one little excursion down the river, which cost so much planning!

'Girls, if I had what belongs to me, I'd take you all to Florida!' she said, in a burst of mingled generosity and vexation.

'Oh, Jean, if your ship would only come in!' chorused the girls.

But it did not come, and now school days were over, and she was in worse straits than usual. She had been so sure that with her graduation from school, Aunt Jean must be satisfactorily heard from, that she had ventured upon more careless expenditure, and her purse was accordingly empty. And Aunt Jean had not even come to the closing exercises, but wrote instead that she had been called to a distant state by the illness of a friend.

'Mail!' called a voice at the door, and a letter fluttered in and fell on the carpet. Jean caught it up, and her packing came to an abrupt pause, while with nervously eager fingers she tore open the envelope.

Half an hour later her cousin Leslie found her flushed and indignant.

'Packing your trunk to go to your aunt's, Jean?'

'No, I'm not,' answered Jean defiantly. 'She has just written me to go there, and that she will be home in a week or two, but I haven't a penny to go with. She answered my request for more money, by saying that "it was not convenient nor expedient to exceed the allowance which was sent me at the beginning of the quarter." I presume I didn't make my application in the meekest possible form—I didn't feel meek—but it wouldn't have made any difference, anyway.'

'But, what will you do?' asked Leslie, with troubled voice. 'You can't stay here.'

'I don't want to. I'll sell Sylvia this queer old ruby ring she has always been so crazy to have, but I'll not find it convenient nor expedient to spend the money in travelling to Aunt Jean's lonely old house.'

'Oh, Jean, don't do that; your aunt will not like it. Didn't you tell me she gave you that ring, and said it had been a long time in the family?'

'I can buy it back again when I get my money,' answered Jean, her color deepening at the question. 'I'll make Sylvia promise to let me have it when I'm ready.'

'Don't do it,' urged Leslie again. 'I can lend you some money, Jean. Here, take this—only go to your aunt's; I'm sure you ought.'

'Take your precious gold piece that I know you're hoarding to buy a gift for your mother! No, indeed!' Jean drew back from the offered coin. 'You are a darling, Leslie, but I prefer my own way. If Aunt Jean doesn't like it, let her save me the necessity of doing such things! You haven't the least idea how exasperating it has been all these years, because you know just what you have—'

'Or just what I haven't,' amended Leslie, with a flitting smile. 'Why don't you ever ask your brother about all this?'

'Tom? Well, I haven't seen much of him all these school years, you know, and besides, I was sure he'd feel bound by Aunt Jean's wishes not to say anything. I did hint once or twice, but he told me nothing. I couldn't tell him what I knew without reminding him of the letter he did not mean to show me, and I knew that would annoy him. He hasn't had a very easy time of it, himself, poor Tom! He has worked hard.'

But Leslie's suggestion lingered with her, and when she was alone, that evening, she yielded to a sudden impulse and frankly wrote to her brother the story of her perplexities. The answer came very promptly —a thick letter—inclosing money for her need, but it swept away forever a host of bright visions.

'I can't imagine how you ever built up

JEAN DREW BACK FROM THE OFFERED COIN.

such a fairy-story, Jean. We had nothing left us by our father—nothing but debts, and Aunt Jean has paid those. He had his share of our grandfather's property, to be sure, but it was not large, and he spent it all before he died. As for the inheritance which I "was to think of in shaping my life—" yes, I remember that letter, and how vexed I was that you saw it; but only because I thought, with Aunt Jean, that you were too young to be troubled by a knowledge that had pained me. The truth is that the money that fell to our father's share was wasted in wild speculation at first, and afterwards, when that failed, in actual gambling, which grew to be a mania at last. It was against any tendency or inclination in that direction that Aunt Jean warned me, as a possible inheritance. I needn't tell you that I have kept clear of everything of that kind. I did not want you to be saddened by the story of the past, for I wished at first that I had never needed to know it myself. Still, I have been stronger and braver because of it, and it is not always folly to be wise, even when knowledge brings pain. Aunt Jean has done everything for you, and though she never makes any great show of affection and is rather stern in her ideas of prudence and justice, still, she has really been very kind to us both. I am sure that it never occurred to her any more than it did to me that you could fall into such a mistake about our affairs. I'm sorry for your sake, little sister, that there is no fortune for you to fall back upon, but you may be sure that as soon as I can earn enough, you shall have plenty of good times.'

'Dear, unselfish fellow! Thank you, but I'll earn them myself, Mr. Tom,' exclaimed Jean, with a flash in her eyes that dried the tears.

Three years later Leslie visited her cousin in the town where she was teaching a primary school, and found a busy, bright young woman who was very enthusiastic in her work.

'You are a success, Jean; I never thought that you would care so much for such things,' she said.

'Didn't you?' Jean laughed, 'Well, you know, I always had a passion for what belonged to me, and as soon as I found that these things were marked with my initials they became attractive at once.' Then she added more gravely, 'I found that all that belonged to me was just a place to work and add a little bit to the sum of the world's usefulness, and, after all, that isn't a bad fortune, Leslie.'

One of the commonest arguments used against the temperance movement is, that every man has a right to decide for himself what he will eat and drink, and that no other man or body of men should be allowed to interfere with 'personal right.' When a person denies the right of society to restrict his indulgence in a vice which is a menace to the happiness and well-being of many others beside himself, he sets at naught the foundation principle of all law, that the pleasure, and even the good, of the individual must be considered secondary to the good of society at large. Personal rights, rights indeed! No one has a personal right to bring misery and degradation and hardship into the lives of those whose destinies are indissolubly linked with his own. A liberty which permits the pursuit of selfish pleasure at the expense of the welfare and peace of mind of others is not true liberty, but license and anarchy. — 'Universalist Leader.'

An Arterial System.

(By Harriet Prescott Spofford, in the 'Independent.')

When the holidays were over the exchequer was always low in the Garstone family; and it was with a rueful countenance that Johnny counted what would probably at that time be his available funds, and found that he should have one large old-fashioned cent which he would be ashamed to pass, and a jack-knife whose rusty and broken blades and sticky chinks offered a fair field for the old experiment upon identity. Christmas and New Year's might leave him possibly a clear conscience, but certainly nothing else. He had wanted a new knife, a wallet to carry in his breast-pocket, with his valuable papers, a new watch, a pair of skates of new design, — what hadn't he wanted? And he would have the sense of having done right. And Johnny rumpled all his shock of yellow curls and puckered his red lips in a vain attempt to whistle. It might be all very well for papa and mamma, who had everything they wanted anyway, and for Sophy, who was sure to have from Jack Winfield the thing her heart was set on, or for Will, who was a man with a bank account now of his own, or for the rest of them for whom the outside world had a remembrance—it might be well enough for them to sacrifice their holiday gifts; but Johnny had no one but his family to look to in the matter; and on the whole what they would really be doing was to sacrifice Johnny. Still he was the source and origin of it all himself. Knowing his father's temperament, that very morning, as he trudged downtown by his side, he had remarked on the 'fool things' the great crowd of shoppers were buying, and how much better it would be if they all united their forces and gave a prize for good boys, or something of the sort. But he had hardly dreamed of that little seed's bearing the fruit it did.

That evening Sophy had quietly mentioned, as she handed her father the newspaper, that she hoped he understood these little attentions of hers and felt ready to respond to them in the generous and noble way that had always characterized the head of a family whose eldest daughter had Christmas presents to make.

'I've been waiting for it,' said her father, with half a smile and half a frown. 'How much is it?'

'I don't see, papa,' she said, hesitatingly, her pretty finger on her pretty lips, as if she hadn't already figured it all down to a dot, 'how I can get along with less than a hundred dollars; although, if it makes it seem less to you, as it does to me at the bargain counter, I will say ninety-nine.'

'A hundred dollars!' he exclaimed.

'Oh, ninety-nine! Yes, dear. There's Johnny, and Jenny, and Will, and Jack, and Fred, and Marion, and Mamma, and you, and'—

'Please count me out.'

'I don't like to do that. And ever so many people outside the house. No, really, I don't see how I can get along with any less, at all, papa.'

'And how much is it that you want, Marion?'

'Well,' said Marion, roguishly, looking up from the frame where she stuck in a needle and counted and strung a bead, and counted, 'since you're so kind as to ask. I'm not so old as Sophy, but I can spend money more wisely, and I haven't any Jack. think I can worry along on eighty.'

'And your mother?' said the father with what in a tropical country would be called an ominous quiet, the quiet that precedes a hurricane. 'How much do you want, my dear?'

'All I can be spared,' said the mother, taking advantage of the opportunity. 'Although I'm sure I do think it's a wanton waste, and I almost always want to keep the things I give away, and I could do so much more with the money. But these people would only think us mean and—'

'And that preamble intends how much—one—two—three hundred?'

'Two, at least,' said the mother, with outward calm if inward breathlessness.

'And Jennie? She makes presents?'

'Of course I do!' cried Jennie. 'I've been saving my pennies this ever so long. And Johnny's been saving his ever since Fourth of July. And I guess we've more than ten dollars apiece. I kept Johnny's for him, because he couldn't keep it himself, and you know you said last year, papa, that you'd double whatever we saved.'

'Oh, certainly,' said the father, with the most extraordinary urbanity. 'I don't suppose, however, that Will and Fred intend to ask me for money with which to buy their gifts. But how much do you expect to spend, boys?'

'Oh, I don't know said Will, indifferently. 'I suppose about the same as Sophy. You know I am laying by for the future, sir.'

'Yes, and a very pretty future. I saw her to-day. She's a little blush-rose. Well, Fred?'

'I don't know. It's a beastly shame, I know that, to take a whole month of a fellow's salary for flowers and bonbons and gloves to girls, who will forget your existence, perhaps, by next year.'

'Another hundred for Fred, then, that means,' said his father. 'Now, let me see, Holiday gifts are going to take six hundred dollars out of this family, besides what I may have to spend personally, and not one useful thing in the whole lot of them, and other families suffering for bread and perishing for coal. A waste? A shame? Only a waste and a shame? It is a sin! It's an outrage! It's all but a crime!' and down went Mr. Garstone's paper, and up he sprang upon his feet, pacing the rug in one of his sudden furies, like a lion in a cage; and the family all held their breath as if they were about to see blue flames issuing in his. 'It is a crime!' cried Mr. Garstone—'it is a crime! You'll be called to give an account for it! The lives and the souls of these other people in want and in trouble will be demanded of you, lives and souls that you might have saved with your money, and you frittered the money away, instead, swopping gifts that you don't want, and the other party doesn't want, of no use to anybody but the ragmen usually—'

'But they are,' exclaimed the mother, in pacification. 'I'm sure Fred would find a velvet dressing-gown useful, and you would enjoy a quilted satin one to read your paper in'—

'I wouldn't! I shouldn't! I despise a dressing-gown. I always did! Don't anyone provide me with a dressing-gown! When I'm a lean and slippered pantaloon it's time enough for that! And I want my boys dressed like gentlemen. I won't have them hanging round in velvet coats,

the popinjays! No, I repeat it. There's not one thing will be given to any one in the house from outside that they need or want, or have a right to have at the price it is going to cost them in buying corresponding things. It's unwarrantable! It's unjustifiable! It's a part of the general corruption that's settling like a mildew on everything in these days of Sodom and Gomorrah over again! Six hundred, eight hundred, perhaps a thousand dollars, add it together, wasted in this house, torn up, tossed to the winds, for things we could do without and never know it, when here are people without clothes, without blankets, without food, without roofs; full of suffering, driven to crime and shame, and the suffering and the sin all to be prevented by the money we throw away! It's enough to bring down wrath upon our heads! It makes me shiver to think of it! It's selfishness, cupidity, greed, multiplied by vanity, and carried to the highest power! It is enough to give satisfaction to the powers of darkness and make such powers, if there were none now. It's'—

'Enough!' said Will. 'It's enough to prove that the Garstons are idiots and malefactors from Wayback, and deserve to be in Dante's inner circle for all time to come, really so bad that it's no matter what they do now, for there's no power in the universe can cleanse them from the original stain of having given away more than they ever received!'—

'People,' said Fred, 'who are always going about tearing a passion to tatters.'

'And who appear to think,' said Sophy, 'that it's no matter at all about the comfort of their own daughters so long as other people's daughters are comfortable; for I'm sure I shall be distressed to death if I cannot make the Christmas gifts I always do.'

And then Mr. Garston sat down and brushed all his gray hair erect, and picked up his paper and looked round a little anxiously, and they all laughed.

'But, seriously,' said the mother, 'I do think that the way we celebrate holy festival days by stimulating acquisitiveness, the love of acquiring and possessing and hoarding, is a great mistake. And we are generally so worn out as to be fit for nothing after the week's shopping, and the condition to which we reduce the poor shop girls is a barbarity, equal to anything in the old Roman circus, and'—

'And, in short, mamma,' said Marion, 'you know just the place where you'd like to bestow your money, and give no one of us any gift at all.'

'Yes, I do,' said her mother.

'And have the rest of us add ours,' said Sophy.

'It wouldn't do you a bit of harm.'

'And do somebody else a lot of good,' cried little Jennie, coming to the rescue, with an idea that they were badgering her dear mamma. 'I will give mine, mamma, dear, and all that papa was going to give me, too. I think—I think,' she said, with authority, 'that papa is perfectly right.'

'Bravo, Jenny!' cried Fred, 'And I'll not be outdone. Mother, take mine—all that the governor will give me.'

'You graceless scamp,' said his father.

'My word's as good as my bond,' said Fred. 'There it is, planked down'; and he tossed a hundred-dollar bill into his mother's lap.

'I don't carry money round in that loose way,' said Will.

'Nor I, frequently. Don't have it to carry. But I had it ready to hand to the 'Mater,' to get my presents for me—she always does. Now I shall walk in the governor's tracks, and give no one so much as a card.'

'In the house, that is,' said Marion, significantly.

'Much the easiest way of settling the whole thing,' said Will, ignoring her. 'I'll give you the cheque for mine to-morrow, mammy. There's at least fifteen or eighteen I should have to make. I couldn't get out of it at less than a round hundred.'

'Oh, oh, oh!' said Marion. 'We're all in for it! And it's just going to strip Christmas of every bit of its jollity, and not even leave anything over for New Year's!'

'I don't know,' said Sophy, 'I suppose we might get up surprises for each other that might be pleasant without the presents. I don't know'—

'Let us try,' said her father.

'But, Papa!' said Johnny, who had begun in blank dismay to have a realizing sense that theories were all very well till facts applied them. 'I must have my skates!'

'What's the matter with the skates you have now?'

'Oh, they're all right!' said Fred,

'They're not all right!' retorted the indignant Johnny. 'Any more than your'—

'Well, Johnny,' said his father, 'of course you can do as you choose; you can have the skates or you can join the society for the restoration of Christmas to its original meaning.'

'I — want the skates,' said Johnny, hanging his lip. 'I suppose you'll be going without a turkey for dinner next, so as to give that away, too, in your fine society.'

'It's no affair of yours,' said Jenny, 'if we do; if you don't belong to the society.'

'I belong to the turkey society,' said Johnny.

'So you do. There, there,' said his mother; 'and I shouldn't wonder if there were turkey and oysters and soup and all the rest for dinner in that society. But now about this society—do you think you will go with us or not?'

'Oh, I suppose I shall have to. I shall be ashamed to let Jen, and not. But I don't want to. And, if I do, I think I might give my own share where I please.'

'Certainly. And where is that?'

'Well,' said Johnny, deliberately, and trying to stand up his hair like his father's; 'I daresay he needs it, and all that. But he's got a better pair of skates than mine to-day, and that's a fact'—

'Who has?' said Marion.

'Oh, never mind the skates,' cried Jenny.

'That's just like a girl!. Of course, never mind the skates, when you can't make a stroke with one foot yet yourself. I do mind them. And if I'm willing to give my money to Charlie Horling, so's he can get a stock of stationery and set up for himself, It isn't because I don't mind the skates, for I do mind them; and don't you forget it, miss!' roared Johnny.

'Well, well, well,' said his mother. 'And who is Charlie Horling?'

'Oh, he's one of the fellers. A real good one, too. But his father died. And I guess they're as poor as sixty. At any rate, he isn't going to school any more, and he's got to go and earn his living, and take care of his mother. And he said to me once, when we were talking, and I was telling him that I meant to go out on the plains and be a cow-boy, that what he wanted was fifty dollars to get a stock of stationery, and he'd soon be able to take care of his mother. His mother and he live at a cousin's, and the cousin is poor and has got to go into a shop, and doesn't want to, and wouldn't have to if she could rent the rooms that he and his mother have. And he and his mother would like to have a home of their own if it was ever so small,' he says.

'Poor little soul!'

'He shall have it!'

'Yes, he shall!' said Johnny, proudly, with an air of no thanks to anybody; and he put his hands in his pockets, and strutted about the room then like a man who meant business. 'For what you are going to give me and Jen, and what we've got anyway, will make most fifty dollars, and that's all he wants. And now,' said Johnny, 'I should like to know what the rest of you propose to do?'

'Well,' said Sophy, 'If we must we must, And I imagine that Marion's and mine together would maintain Virginia Grey at her studies another year. They have promised her employment at the seminary where she's been, if she comes back and finishes there first. For the preceptress is going to be married sooner or later; she's engaged, anyway; and when she is, that pushes Julia De Vinnes into her place and increases her salary so that she can send her brother to Amherst. But Virginia said there positively wasn't the money to be had, and she must go into a shop to help keep the family alive.'

'Dear, dear,' said Marion; 'it certainly is too hard. I suppose the most she could earn that way would be eight or nine dollars a week, and not steady in the summer, and never any better.'

'But in the seminary she would have eight hundred a year, after a little—you know she is 'belle lettres,' and all that.'

'Well,' said the father; 'that is settled. Virginia Grey—how did you happen to know her?'

'In the mission-circle,'

'Virginia Grey goes to the seminary. Now, mother.'

'I suppose you yourself were going to give us all something, father?' said the mother, anxiously.

'Oh, of course, I suppose so. "Noblesse oblige." Stand and deliver; your money or your life, and all the rest. I have had sufficient intimation in the shape of hints as to what would be becoming to Sophy, and what would be convenient for Marion'—

'Well, then, yours and mine'—

'Mine! I like that!'

'Mine after I get it, isn't it?'

'Oh, my love, I intended nothing like that. I allude simply to the preposterousness of the idea that anything is mine.'

'Yours and mine and Will's and Fred's put together,' said the mother then, 'make a sum that will pay the mortgage on the house of a person I know of, which is occasioning her the keenest anxiety.'

'How is it that you know any one in such condition as that?'

'In such condition? I'm not sure that she is not better off than I am in some ways. She doesn't have to ask for the money to make her Christmas presents.'

'Humph!'

'However, this mortgage is to be foreclosed, or something; and if she can't pay it she will lose the house and her means of livelihood with it. She has two-thirds of

the money, but the other eight hundred she can't manage anyway.'

'Well,' said Mr. Garstone, with the least hesitation in the world, 'it may be foolish; I don't know but it is. I'—

'Why, papa, you began the whole thing yourself!' exclaimed Marion.

'Yes; but the duty to be done is the duty next your hand, and I'm not sure that the next duty to my hand is not the making of you all happy on Christmas.'

'Why, this will make us happy!' cried Fred.

'Are you sure? All of you? It means that you won't get that fur-lined overcoat, Will, which your mother has been wanting you to have'—

'And that would be so fitting to your manly beauty,' said Marion. 'And just the thing for the midnight stalking home. And so nice to fling around and fold her in'—

'Been there yourself, it seems,' said Will.

'Not merely won't get it this year,' continued their father; 'but will never get it from me. That you, Sophy, will be cut off in your prime from those diamond earrings you've been hinting for since you could go alone. That Marion must forego the chatelaine watch. That your mother'—

'I'm sure,' said Sophy, 'we all can bear each other's deprivations philosophically; and as for our own, make the best of them.'

'And she isn't the one to feel it, anyway,' said Johnny, proudly; 'for she's sure to have something from Jack.' And Johnny, with a strange mingling of pompous pleasure and grudging regret, proceeded, with Jenny's help, to bring his own hoards to light from various new and strange receptacles, and to count them over backward and forward, and to make more clamor about it than all the rest put together could produce.

And then the father went back to his newspaper once more, and the mother to her crochet, and Johnny to his book. And Sophy faded away into the next room as the bell rang; and Will presently found himself walking up the path of the pretty seminary grounds, and wishing he had that fur-lined coat, after all, and pausing in the porch, where a frosty cheek was laid on his, and two lips— But no matter about that.

It was all of two hours later before it would be proper for us to make a third, as they sat in the little parlor, now abandoned to the lovers, but familiar with very different scenes when Mrs. Farradeau held private audiences there with such pupils as required them. And at that time the owner of the two lips was half-laughing and half-sobbing, and whispering between whiles, 'Oh, no, no, Will! Please, please don't say another word! I shall have to tell you—I may as well—there is trouble — about the mortgage on the place, and mamma is going to lose it; and she will have to take a smaller place and dismiss half her teachers. And so she will need me more than ever. And it would be a sin to—to think of—of—marrying. And I couldn't if it wasn't'—And no one would have dreamed that this was the dignified young first preceptress who could calculate an eclipse as easily as Will could run up a row of figures with his pencil, and who wrote in Greek and talked in Anglo-Saxon. Of course, no one could have dreamed it, for no one could have seen her, as Will's arms stifled sobs, while his own lips learned vicariously the taste of tears. 'I think,' murmured Emilia, as she emerged partially from the region of salt water, 'I ought to let you go— I ought to tell you not to come any more! I have no right to allow you to waste your youth and your life—I'—

'Can you?' whispered Will. And she knew by the glow of the eyes, the touch of the passionate lips, the clasp of the tender arms, the music of the voice, that if she did she had better die at once.

It was not quite a twelvemonth after this when what Will wished had been deemed so impossible, that a high tea with all appropriate ceremonies was in progress at the Garstons', at which Emilia was the person of importance, as the new and only daughter-in-law. And as Will stood towering over her, and looking down at her blush-rose beauty, the starry eyes, the mouth's tremulous sweetness, while it seemed to him that all the forces of heaven could have no finer task than the keeping of this sweet spirit in its sweet shape, he remembered that night in the sacred little parlor with a sort of fear to think of what it might have robbed him. 'You know,' Emilia was saying as she sat on the sofa beside his mother—and how exquisite that shape was in the creamy silk, shot here and there with gold, against the crimson damask background of the cushions, he thought—'you know that if that unknown friend had not sent mamma the money to pay her mortgage—we would have liked so much to know who it was! we should have liked so much to thank our preserver!—she wouldn't have been able to keep the place, and then I shouldn't have been here. For I should have had to go with her into a smaller house, and have taken the work of two or three teachers—the teachers she would have had to dismiss. But as it was, she kept the seminary and paid off the mortgage, and now Miss De Vines has taken my place.'

'That is very nice,' said Will's mother.

'And I'm so glad,' said Emilia; 'for it lets her send her brother to Amherst; and Virginia Grey has finished and takes her place'—

'Virginia Grey!' said Johnny, leaning over the back of the sofa, and, although a year older, yet the same Johnny.

'Yes. Do you know her? She is so very uncommon, I'm afraid that mamma will never keep her. They will be calling her to a professorship somewhere in two or three years. It was so fortunate some one helped her to come. And then her sister took the situation in Smooch & Smeers—the picture shop, you know, — that she was going to have, so that Virginia did not have the family to look out for that year. And—things work so singularly—we found that the sister would not have had that if a person who had secured it had not given it up—some one who was really too delicate; but her widowed cousin and the cousin's child, went away to a home of their own—some people provided the boy with a stock of stationery and he succeeded marvellously with it—and so she could rent half her house and get along on the rent money without going into a shop.'

'How strange,' said the mother, glancing at Will's flushing face.

'So it all worked out, you see,' said Emilia, with her sweet, rare smile. 'You see how it all worked out for Will and me too—to be married and to be here to-night.'

'It did, indeed!' said the mother, smiling back at her, and up at Will. 'What an arterial system seems to run all through society. We are so interdependent that if you touch one end of the system it is felt at the remotest point.'

And that night when every one had gone Johnny stole into his father's and mother's room. 'I did it,' said he—'I did it with my ten dollars and sixty-seven cents! Jen and me set Charlie Horling up in the stationery business, and he took his mother away, and their cousin rented her rooms and so left the place in the shop free for Virginia Grey's sister to take and keep the family alive that way and let Virginia go to the boarding-school—a boarding-school's a beautiful place—and she has taken Miss De Vines's classes, and Miss De Vines has sent her brother to college and taken Sister Emilia's, and somebody—I wonder who—paid Mrs. Farradeau's mortgage for her so that she could keep the whole thing going and let Will have Emilia. It's the same old story, — the rope began to hang the butcher, the butcher began to kill the ox, the ox began to drink the water, the water began to quench the fire, the fire began to burn the stick the stick began to whip the pig, the pig'—

'Johnny,' said his father, laughing, 'you are a little whited sepulchre. You are like the rest of the world, though, forgetting all the effort made to count you in, but, once in, imagining that you were head and chief from the beginning. Go to bed this minute. And if you open your mouth about Mrs. Farradeau's mortgage, or any of this business, I'll send you away to boarding-school, and see how you'll like it!'

'But we made our Christmas present to each other, after all,' said Johnny, looking back at the door. 'You all did just as I did. And I gave you a daughter and Will a wife!'

What is Prohibition?

I am a thoroughgoing Temperance man,
The crimes and the woes of the world I scan;
I pity its hard condition.
The fountains of wrong I'd forever dry
By stopping the flow. I'd stop the supply—
And that is Prohibition.

If I knew a baker so badly bold
That in every loaf of bread he sold
Was arsenic for secret glutition,
I'd cover him up in stone walls four,
Where he could peddle out death no more,—
And that is Prohibition.

If I heard of a serpent hid in the grass
That stung every traveller certain to pass,
I'd curb his infernal ambition;
An iron heel on his head I'd bring,
And crush out his life with his infamous sting—
And that is Prohibition.

If I had a fold where the wolf crept in,
And ate up my sheep and lambs like sin,
I'd hold him in tight partition;
I'd choke the howl of his tainted breath,
And save my flock by his instant death—
And that is Prohibition.

If an ox let loose on the crowded lawn
Was wont to kill with his angry horn
In spite of human petition;
I'd cleave his skull with a swift-swung axe,
And bury his bones in his bloody tracks—
And that is Prohibition.

If I knew a dog that was wont to bite,
And worried my neighbors day and night,
I'd fix him for demolition;
In spite of his waggings, his yelpings, and tears,
I'd cut off his tail just back of his ears—
And that is Prohibition.

—'Canadian Templar.'

Little Captain.

(By Eugenia D. Bigham, in 'Temperance Banner.')

'Violets and Doc Seely!' Why, I would just as soon associate angels and an engine rag!' exclaimed my wife.

'I think they generally use cotton to wipe oil and dust off engines, my dear,' I said, carving the fowl as I spoke, for we were at dinner. 'But be that as it may, I certainly saw Doc Seely going home with a bunch of violets in his hand. How long has he been living at Fort Gap?'

'About a year,' she said, 'and in all that time the man has not made a single friend.'

'Perhaps he is satisfied with the friendship of his little son, It is said that Doc fairly worships the boy. Poor little chap! It must be hard to be shut up in that big house, with no one but the old woman who takes care of things.'

'Do you suppose Doc wanted the flowers for the child? How about violets and boys?'

'Some boys like flowers, No one knows what kind of a boy Mr. Seely's is,' my wife replied, her voice sounding as if she were much aggrieved at this truth. 'No one ever sees him unless his father hires a horse and takes him out driving. I guess his mother must have been nice, for the boy has such an attractive face and manner, even as a stranger.'

'How do you know that the father is such a bad character?' I asked in a spirit of mischief.

'How do I know?' this very indignantly. 'Why, Henry, I know just as you do, from current report. You never heard a good thing of him in your life. Didn't he cheat Widow Holmes out of her property, and swindle Mr. Camp? Doesn't he invariably put the largest plum in his own pocket in every business transaction. Besides, he gets drunk.'

'I venture to say his boy does not know these shortcomings. I hear that the youngster thinks his father the best and kindest man in the world; and Doc must appreciate the good opinion, for it is said that the little invalid's room is the prettiest place in town—even has fine marble statuary in it, to please the boy, of course.'

'Trust a man for gossip!' my wife exclaimed. 'You men gossip more in a day than we women do in a whole week. Now I never before heard a word about the child's room. The idea that Doc Seely has enough good taste to make any room look beautiful is too much for me to believe. I will wait until I see that room!'

She was destined to see it considerably sooner than either of us thought she would.

She won the little fellow's heart on her first visit, and afterwards frequently made excuses for calling upon the delicate child and carrying dainties to him, and also taking Harry and Bob to see him. These visits were of benefit to all.

Perhaps it was because he was guarded with such jealous care by his unpopular father that everyone at Fort Gap felt a secret interest in Doc Seely's little son. He was one of these golden-haired, blue-eyed boys, with a complexion like a girl's. He was certainly not like his low, thick-set, swarthy, black-haired father, whose small, dark eyes reminded no one of anything good.

It seems easier to learn people's bad qualities than their good ones, and as events turned out, Doc Seely must have had good qualities, though the citizens were a long time discovering them.

Not many weeks after my conversation with my wife, I missed Seely from his place of business near my office, and was told that his child was sick. I thought little of this until one night, when a sharp ring at my door carried me there to meet Doc Seely's housekeeper. She looked very old and gray standing there in the wind.

'I want you to come and see Little Captain, doctor,' she said. 'He's took worse, and his pa is off somewhere on a drunk. He don't ever let the boy see him when he's drinking; that's how I know why he's away from home. He'll be sure to pay you, though. He'd sell the shoes off his feet for Miss Lotty's baby.'

I had been getting into my great coat as the woman talked, and was soon on my way to see the boy. Stumbling through a bare, dimly lighted hall and a middle room, the woman opened a door into what seemed to be part of fairyland, I following her very closely.

I remember thinking that I had never seen a prettier room, but the doctor in me instantly lost sight of every other thing when I saw the agony in the eyes of the boy on the dainty bed. In spite of his suffering he reached out his hand to welcome me, saying: 'I am glad to see you, doctor. My father is away on business, and nurse thinks I need you.'

He was in a state of high excitement, because of fever, and for awhile I was unable to quiet his talking. He wanted to tell me about his mother, who really must have been a lovely character, and about his father, who was everything noble in the mind of the child.

Just after I had given him a quieting draught, he looked at me thoughtfully, and said: 'I don't want to die, doctor. It would be particularly hard on father, for he had to give up my mother, you know. Are you a praying man?'

The unexpected question quite confused me, and I stammered somewhat as I told him that I sometimes prayed.

He looked at me as if he would like to see beneath my coat into my very heart.

'Little mother used to pray,' he said, 'but my father never said a prayer in his life. He never had a mother, you see; she died. Father wrote a prayer last night, though, before he went off, just to please me. Here it is. I keep it under my pillow. You may read it,' and he forced into my unwilling hand a sheet of paper.

'Read it aloud,' he said. 'Father said that God would not hear such as he is, but you know ours is an all-seeing God, and so I told father that he would be obliged to see the words.'

I made an effort to keep from reading the words; it seemed a positive sin against the absent man. But I found that not to read would be to affect the boy so as to do much harm, and I finally read aloud the one sentence Doc Seely had written. I confess it touched me. I am not sure that my voice was steady as I read, 'All-seeing God, cure my little son; not because of any good in me, but because he believes in you.'

'Do you think he will cure me?' the boy asked, eagerly. I handed him the paper and told him that I believed he could be made a strong boy in due time, and I meant to find out if I could not help on the cure. He seemed perfectly satisfied.

Several nights after that, I was sitting with my wife near the pulpit in a large church. Suddenly the comparative stillness was broken by the opening of a door. Heavy footsteps entered, hesitated a moment, and then came rapidly up the aisle, seemingly with an effort to be easy. To my surprise, someone touched me on the shoulder, and Doc Seely's bushy hair brushed my cheek as he whispered: 'For God's sake hurry; my boy is choking to death.'

I arose at once, and in the vestibule found that my wife had followed me.

'I mean to go with you,' she said. Evidently she had forgotten all about the angels and the engine rag. I could not but recall the expression some minutes later when I saw her kneeling on the floor bathing the limbs of Doc Seely's child with hot mustard water, her silk dress protected by a towel. The boy had a terrible attack of croup, and almost left the world, his father's grief so adding to his discomfort that I was compelled to send the man from the room. For awhile I seemed fighting death hand to hand, but near midnight the battle ended in my favor, and the boy was sleeping quietly. His father came in and stood by the bed, looking at the sleeper with smiling eyes.

'Doctor,' he said, turning to me, 'that child is the only being in the world who loves me or believes in me Do you wonder it nigh about kills me to think of losing him?'

'Not for a moment,' I said, gravely. 'How did he take this cold? When I was here several days since he had no sign of it,'

The man turned his face quickly from me as if my question angered him. Then he faced about again, and said: 'I will be honest about it; you have the right to know. Ever since the boy's mother died, I have been in the habit of drinking more or less heavily at intervals. Until last night I have never come home while under the influence of liquor because of my boy. I left him sick, and I suppose I was anxious for him even while drunk. At any rate I came home, let myself in with a latch key and stumbled towards this room. He was awake, and he sprang out of bed and ran to meet me. Before he could open the door, however, I had knocked against something and fallen. Little Captain knelt beside me, and called to Aunt Hannah, who was sleeping in the room next to his. He failed to wake her; but roused me, I told him, he says, that I was too sleepy to get up; that he must put some cover over me and not tell a soul. I suppose that boy would chop off a hand sooner than disobey me, and so he dragged all the cover off his own bed and put it over my brutish body. Then he lay down on the floor close to my back, not knowing what else to do, and remained there until daybreak. About that time I came to my senses; my brain cleared when I understood it all, just as the atmosphere is cleared when a thunderstorm sweeps it, and I took the boy in my arms and put him to bed. All day I have been by him, dreading the consequences of my drunken folly, and to-night I have reaped them. When you told me I must leave the room, I went to that bare spot where the little fellow lay, for so long under the edge of the blankets, and I promised that if he just pulled through this affair I would never drink again, so help me, and never do another mean act. There is something in me I'll have to fight like I would a hungry tiger, but I'll throttle it; the whole town may watch. I promised my wife that her boy should never be ashamed of his father, and this night has made me man enough to keep my promises, all.'

To-day, all Fort Gap honors Doc Seely.

To those who have not taken the 'Daily Witness,' it will be sent on trial for six months for one dollar. Tell your friends about this. This rate must be regarded strictly as a trial rate.

Hugh's Escape.

At first Hugh thought he wouldn't like it. All the pretty green bit of common just outside the garden-wall to be cut up and covered with ugly red brick houses! No more games at cricket or ball on the grass! It was all certainly immensely disagreeable, and Hugh and his sister Minnie both loudly declared it was a shame, a horrid shame, and just showed once more how stupid grown-up people were. But when their mother explained (not without a few tears in her eyes, poor mother!) that the death of their father necessitated the ground being sold, and that the money she had received for it would enable them to stay on in their own house, the children were silenced.

'Don't let's talk about it any more,' said Minnie, tossing up her ball for Hugh to catch.' We've got to put up with it, and it vexes Mother when we make a fuss; and, after all, we can play nearly as well in the garden.'

'Not a quarter so well, Sausage,' returned Hugh, who went to a big school, and called his small sister all the nicknames he learned there, but meant no harm for all that. 'That's all you know about it, for girls never are up to snuff. We'll shut up to Mother, but it's wretched all the same.'

However, when the houses began to go up, Hugh altered his mind marvellously. The new houses were far more fun to play in than the green had been. He climbed the ladders, jumped the scaffolding, and risked his neck as boys will, fifty times a day, for it was holiday-time, and yet always turned up at home all right for his dinner, instructing his mother and Minnie all the time he was eating, in the art of building. He was learned on brick-laying, and grew quite knowing about mortar, till his mother laughed and told him he had better give up the notion of going to college, and become a house-builder instead. But Hugh hadn't quite made up his mind to that.

One fine morning the first chimneys were put on, and Hugh, coming in late for breakfast, excitedly told his mother that the foreman was sending up to the 'Green Man' for six pots of beer.

'What's that for?' asked Mrs. Martin, looking grave.

'To celebrate,' returned Hugh grandly. 'It's always done when the first chimneys are put on, don't you know.'

'They might find a better way to celebrate than that,' answered his mother. 'Go out, Hugh, at once, and say to the foreman, that if the men will leave the beer alone, Jane will make big mugs of cocoa for them, and I'll send out cakes to take with it, or anything else they prefer, as long as they will do without that foolish beer-drinking.

Hugh shook his head. 'They won't take cocoa,' he said confidently. 'Men like beer, Mother, better than things like that.' Hugh, you see, had been learning other things not so harmless as house-building, those holidays. However, out he ran, and soon came back much astonished.

'They all say thank you, and they'll take the cocoa, much obliged to the good lady,' he announced, repeating the words of the foreman verbatim. 'All but Ersom. He says: "None of your wishy-washy, teetotal rubbish for him, so long as there is good beer to be had for the asking."'

'That's a pity,' returned Mrs. Martin quietly. 'However, we can't help it. Say to the foreman the cocoa will be out in ten minutes, and I'll set about getting it ready.'

Now Mrs. Martin did nothing by halves, and the five workmen who presently sat down to the heaped-up plates of cake, and great jugs of cocoa she sent out, had a far better breakfast of it than Ersom, who stood looking on after his pot of beer was drained.

Presently they all resumed work, and it so chanced that Hugh accompanied Ersom and another man to the top of the second house, where the next chimneys were to be set on. In about five minutes, Ersom, whose hand was not over steady, dropped his trowel, and away it rolled down the unslated roof. Instantly Hugh darted after it. He was sure-footed enough, but a jutting-out plank caught his toe, and he suddenly stumbled forward, slipping forward, never able to stop himself, to the very edge of the scaffolding, when he managed as if by a miracle to catch on to one of the beams. There he hung, fully forty feet from the ground.

'Oh, save me, save me!' cried the terrified boy.

Ersom and the other man hastened as best they could forward,

but at the sight of Hugh's perilous position the former drew back.

'I'm not steady enough,' he said brokenly, for all the men were fond of Hugh.

'I am, though,' answered George Wilson cheerily, and leaning over the roof, he, cautiously supporting himself by the scaffolding with one hand, caught Hugh by the other, and slowly dragged him up into safety again.

Hugh never owned that he fainted, but I rather think he looked like it for a moment or two.

The same night he said to his mother: 'If George had drunk beer like Ersom—' he stopped and shuddered. 'Mother,' he abruptly concluded, 'never ask me to drink beer or things like that, for I won't, not one drop.'

'I am not likely to, dear boy,' answered his mother, kissing him. 'Thank God, you are alive.'—'The Adviser.'

Ella's Courage.

Ella was lying upon the hearth-rug thinking.

'What's that long sigh about?' asked her brother Rex, who came in at the moment. 'I thought that story would rather cause you to laugh than to sigh.'

'I was not reading,' said Ella; 'I was just thinking how I wished I was brave.'

Rex pulled up a chair and sat down beside her.

'But why so doleful, little woman?'

'Because I never shall be,' was the answer.

'Dear me, why not?' persisted Rex, who seemed bent on asking questions that were difficult to answer.

'I'm afraid of the dark, I'm afraid of cows, I don't much like big dogs, and I'm horribly afraid of strangers;' and as she ended the dreadful list two bright tears shone in the red glow of the fire.

Rex was silent a few moments. He was a great deal older than Ella, and was the dearest person in the world to her. Their mother was dead, and their father too busy to take much notice of his children. So Ella looked up to Rex in everything, and he deserved her confidence. At last he asked:

'What do you understand by being brave?'

'Not being afraid of anything,' said Ella, with energy.

'It doesn't mean that.'

Ella stared up at him with very wide open eyes, and Rex continued:

'Some of the bravest things in the world have been done by people who were very much afraid, or would have been if they had stopped to think about it.'

'What do you mean?'

'Everybody is really afraid of something or other, only some hide it better than others. To be brave simply means doing your duty whether you feel afraid or not.'

'Then anybody can be brave if he makes up his mind enough,' said Ella, rather vaguely.

Rex nodded, and the tea-bell put an end to their chat.

'Can you come for a ride with me this afternoon?' said Rex, a few days later.

'Come! I should think I would, if Lil will lend me her bicycle,' was the eager answer.

Lil was willing, and the two soon cleared the town.

'Lil said I was to be sure and let her have the machine again to-night,' said Ella; 'she is expecting Miss Gresham, and they always ride together a great deal.'

'It is not a very nice afternoon,' returned Rex, 'we shall not care to be out long.'

It was the end of November, the roads were in an unsatisfactory condition, and a damp fog enveloped everything so that it was almost dark when they turned homewards.

They were still a long way from home, with Ella, who was first, suddenly called out:

'What's that?' and pointed to a dark object on the road in front.

'It looks like an accident,' said Rex coolly, increasing his speed; and Ella followed rather reluctantly.

When they reached the place they found a young lady by the roadside. She was unconscious, and, as far as Rex could tell, seemed badly hurt. A cycle lying close by showed that she had been upset, but how they could not tell.

'We can't leave her like this,' said Rex when he had lifted her out of the way of any passing vehicle; 'what had we better do?'

Ella looked at the girl, then at the lonely road and the thickening fog. Then she said resolutely:

'I'll stay here, while you go for help. Only—and her voice shook a little—don't be long, will you, Rex?' For answer Rex stooped and gave her such a warm, hearty kiss that it made her ashamed of her fears. Then he lighted her lamp and took the one from the stranger's cycle, saying: 'That will be company for you;' and Ella, sitting down by the road-side, took the poor girl's head on her knee, and began to rub her hands. Then, with a cheery good-bye, Rex mounted, and was instantly lost in the fog.

It was a bad half-hour that followed for our heroine, and she never quite knew how it passed. At last when she was beginning to wonder how much longer Rex would be, the girl moved a little, then suddenly sat up with a startled cry:

'Where am I? How dark it is!'

As soon as Ella saw how really terrified her companion was at the darkness and her strange surroundings, her own fear vanished, and in gentle, quiet tones she explained what had happened. The girl appared to have been stunned by her fall, but was not otherwise injured, and she rapidly recovered.

But to Ella's great surprise and thankfulness, as they chatted together, she found that this was no other than the Miss Gresham whom her friend Lil was expecting. Just as they had made this happy discovery, a shout came through the fog:

'Ella, ahoy!' Ella gladly replied, and in another moment Rex dismounted beside them.

'They are coming with a carriage directly,' he said; 'only I came on first.'

Then there was another pleasant explanation, and by the time the carriage lights appeared, the three were quite at home with each other. Rex sent Ella back in the carriage with her friend, while he followed with the machines.

'My brave little sister,' he said, when they got home, 'I am proud of you.'

'Was I really brave?' she asked, flushing with pleasure; 'I felt frightened enough at first.'

'That's exactly it,' said her brother; 'you had pluck enough to do the thing that came to you to do, in spite of your fears.'

Miss Gresham got over her fall sooner than her poor machine did. It was in the doctor's hands for a week; but, in spite of that, when Ella's birthday came round, which it did before long, she received one of the daintiest 'up-to-date' cycles imaginable, with the inscription—'For a brave little girl.'

And after that, whenever she felt timid or nervous, a look at that bright and kind reminder always brought her courage back.—Elmley, in 'Silver Link.'

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER. 24.

Christ's Coming Foretold.

Isaiah ix., 2-7. Memory verses 6, 7. Read Isaiah xi., 1-10.

Golden Text.

'Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.' —Luke ii., 11.

Home Readings.

M. Isa. ix., 1-7.—Christ's coming foretold.
T. Isa. xi., 1-10.—Prince of Peace.
W. Jer. xxiii., 1-6.—The Lord our righteousness.
Th. Isa. xl., 1-11.—Good tidings.
F. Psa. lxxii., 1-17.—A blessed reign.
S. Acts iii., 18-26.—A prophet.
Su. I. Peter i., 1-12.—Testified beforehand.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—2. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

School.—3. Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy; they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.

4. For thou hast broken the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his shoulder, the rod of his oppressor, as in the day of Midian.

5. For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire.

6. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

7. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

The Bible Class.

Prophecies of Christ's Coming.—Gen. iii., 15; xxii., 15-18; Gal. iii., 8, 16: Gen. xlix., 10: Heb. vii., 14: Rev. v., 5: Deut. xviii., 15, 18: Acts iii., 19-26: Psa. ii., 6, 7: Heb. i., 5-10, 13: Psa. xlv., 6, 7,; lxxii., 2-19: Isa. liii., 1-12: Jer. xxiii., 5, 6: Dan. ix., 24-27: Zech. vi., 11-13; ix., 9-11; xiii., 1, 2: Mal. iv., 2.

Suggestions.

This is a lesson of joy. Christ's coming to this earth was an event foretold and looked forward to, for thousands of years beforehand. His coming was expected, but when he came, he was not recognized by those who had been most zealously teaching the prophecies of his glory. He came to his own and his own received him not. (John i., 9-11.) The teachers and leaders of the people had taught the prophecies according to their own interpretations; but that did not alter God's truth. God's word stands true forever whether we believe it or not. We can only interpret God's word by the power of his Spirit, (I. Cor. ii., 11-14.)

The coming of Christ to the heart of the individual is an occasion of great joy. The first important event in any life is the moment of the soul's awakening to the realization of God's claim. The first taste of real happiness and joy comes when the soul opens wide its doors for the incoming of the Saviour.

Isaiah prophesies great joy and rejoicing at the time of the Saviour's coming. This passage should be read in the Revised Bible, as the sense is there given more clearly. The third and fifth verses especially are different from the old rendering which gives one rather a confused idea. The Revision reads,—'Thou hast multiplied the nation, thou hast increased their joy: they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.' This clearly gives the idea of perfect happiness. The fifth verse is,—'For all the armor of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall even be for burning, for a fuel of fire.' This prophesies the state of peace in which the world should be at the coming of the Messiah. And it was fulfilled in that there were no wars going on at the time of his birth. The armor and the garments stained with the battle, should be useful only as fuel to the nations which were at peace.

Christ brings peace as well as joy when he enters our hearts to abide. He it is who is perfect in wisdom, in might, and love. *He is the Everlasting Prince of* Peace, the Son of God, yet one with God himself.

Lesson Hymn.

To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord!

His power, increasing, still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

C. E. Topic.

Dec. 24.—Our royal Brother. Heb. i., 1-9; iii., 6. (A Christmas meeting.)

Junior C. E.

Dec. 24.—How would Christ have us keep Christmas? Psa. xli., 1-3: lxxxi., 1-3. (A Christmas song service suggested.)

Hints to Teachers.

(Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.)

On a late occasion I saw two or three lads who came from a certain young men's class, and one of them pulled out two or three long, beautifully written letters—well-conceived letters—and the writer was his teacher That teacher is a very busy man. All his time is taken up in a very important situation. I said to *myself*, 'Can this young gentleman afford so much time from his laborious, mental occupation to write letters to this one boy? I will ask the next one. 'Does he write to you?' 'Yes, sir, on my birthday; and he writes at other times, too.' 'Have you got any letters?' 'I felt bound to look at this holy correspondence. The letters were full of thought and so well done, that if they were printed they would be worthy of the best magazine in the world. When I found boys, one after another, brought to Christ by these letters, which showed such diligence and care, I did not wonder that the boys were converted. I do not attribute their salvation to the letters themselves, but I do think the Spirit of God was likely to use the man who could thus lay himself out for the salvation of boys.

Whenever you, that are in trade, find an article pays you increase your stock. If a shop pays you want to take the next shop; you put on a wing, or employ another traveller. Well, brethren, when God blesses you the Spirit of God is manifestly not straitened towards you, and therefore do more; try something else; and let it be your endeavor to utilize to the utmost the blessed power which is poured out upon you. Come, then, let us blend much expectation with our effort Believe that God is going to bless you. Here is one of the rules of the kingdom: 'According to thy faith, so be it unto thee.' 'If thou believest all things are possible to him that believeth,' but if thou teachest in a dull, doleful manner, not expecting to see any miracle wrought by the Word of the Lord, it may be that the children will go home from the class weary, and then more weary still. Oh! for expectation! If, after class, you say, 'I did expect some girl to stop and talk to me.' If the teacher says, 'I did think one of those boys would be brought to the Saviour,' and if he tells them he would like to see them, and expects they will come, it is not very long before that very expectation of the teacher will beget a desire in the children, and God will send His blessing.

You will remember an old story told of me, but it is one of the few that are true. If ever you hear anything about me conclude at once that it is a lie, and you will generally be right. This one anecdote is, however, correct. A young brother preached on Tower Hill, and he came to me and wanted comfort. 'I have been preaching these twelve months, and have not seen any conversions.' I answered, 'Do you think that every time you open your mouth God is going to bless you?' He modestly replied, 'No, I do not expect it.' Then I answered him, 'That is the reason you do not get it. God has given you all you expected; you cannot grumble.' He told me afterwards that I set him expecting, and he preached in an expectant way, and very soon God blessed him. If the Spirit of the Lord is not straitened have a large expectancy.

Opium Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER III.—DANGER OF OPIUM.

1. Q.—What is the worst thing about opium?

A.—Its danger.

2. Q.—Why is it dangerous?

A.—Because it is a *poison*, and taken even in moderate quantity it will produce death.

3 Q.—Is this its chief danger?

A.—No; its chief danger is in the fact that a person who takes it regularly to soothe pain *must keep on* taking it after the pain is gone, or he will suffer more in other ways than he did at first.

4. Q.—Are the first effects of opium pleasant?

A.—Yes; it seems to act like a charm, and it this lies the first great danger. It closes the weary eyelids, bringing freedom from pain and a feeling of comfort and content. But it soon changes to a dragon that binds with a chain that cannot be broken.

5. Q.—What modes of taking opium are on the increase?

A.—Opium smoking and the hypodermic injection of morphine, injecting it under the skin.

6. Q.—Is the effect of opium on the system well understood?

A.—The different degrees of impaired health it brings on are very little understood, and there is need for physicians and others to study to improve the manner of treating opium patients, for the terrible suffering of these patients is shocking.

7. Q.—In what way does the use of opium seriously affect young people?

A.—It is often given to children in the form of paregoric, soothing syrups and similar preparations of opium to make them sleep, by foolish and ignorant mothers and lazy nurses, to keep children from crying if cross or in pain.

8. Q.—What is the result of this?

A.—The children live in a stupid, besotted state, the use of drugs injuring their brains, and dulling their senses, until they either grow up listless, useless men and women, or if they have any ailment, the opium has quieted their senses until they are unable to make the fact known and die suddenly.

9. Q.—In view of this, what should be an invariable rule with mothers?

A.—They should never allow their children to take a drop of soothing syrup, paregoric or opium, in any form, however diluted, except in cases of severe illness, and prescribed by a reliable physician.

10. Q.—How do people acquire the habit of taking opium?

A.—In almost every instance they begin

taking opium to soothe the pain of some distressing disease.

11. Q.—Are they always aware of the risk they run in beginning to take opium?

A.—No; on the contrary, it often happens that they do not know they are taking it at all.

12. Q.—How can this be?

A.—Physicians are too much given to prescribing morphine and other forms of the drug, and many popular so-called remedies, are not remedies at all, but simply pain-soothers, containing more or less opium. Before they are aware of it the opium habit is fixed upon the people who take these medicines.

13 Q.—What do the best physicians say of opium?

A.—That there is no drug that requires more skill and judgment in its use. That though it does great good in many cases as a medicine, it also weaves a chain of endless misery, slavish degradation and death.

'Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned?'—Proverbs, vi., 27.

A Living Sacrifice.

Instead of denouncing smoking, we admire the following method, in which Rev. Hubert Brooke dealt with the question. He says—'I was preaching one day on the presenting of the body as a living sacrifice to God, and three young men came up to me afterwards and said, "Do you mean we ought not to smoke?" 'I said nothing about smoking." "But do you mean we ought not to smoke?" "Now, come, are you three fellows going to heaven?" "Yes." "Then do you not think that if you are going there by and by, it is just as well that you should get into training now?" "Yes." "Then you can answer your own question, cannot you?" They did not ask me any more questions; they understood a litle bit of what it was to know the hope of their calling, and the purifying power of the hope of their calling.'

The Devil's 'Want' Ad.

(By Hattie Horner Louthan.)

Johnson, the drunkard, is dying to-day.
With traces of sin on his face;
He'll be missed at the club, at the bar, at the play;
Wanted: A boy for the place.

Simons, the gambler, was killed in a fight,
He died without pardon or grace;
Some one must train for his burden and blight;
Wanted: A boy for his place.

The scoffer, the idler, the convict, the thief,
Are lost; and without any noise
Make it known, that there come to my instant relief,
Some thousands or more of boys.

Boys from the fireside, boys from the farm,
Boys from the home and the school,
Come, leave your misgivings, there can be no harm
Where 'drink and be merry's' the rule.

Wanted: For every lost servant of mine,
Some one to live without grace,
Someone to die without pardon Divine—
Will you be the boy for the place?

—'Onward.'

Dr. Churchill, for eighteen years surgeon to the Chelsea Hospital for Children, gave the last of the series of medical addresses to ladies in the Cavendish Rooms. Asylum statistics showed, he said, that a large proportion of the idiot children were of drunken parents. The sufferings inflicted upon children by drink was terrible to think of.

To those who have not taken the 'Daily Witness,' it will be sent on trial for six months for one dollar. Tell your friends about this. This rate must be regarded strictly as a trial rate.

Correspondence

Mitchell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live by the river, and in the winter I have a great deal of fun skating on the ice. I belong to the Mission Band. We are making a quilt to send to the Indians in the North-West.

FLORENCE, aged 12.

Enderby, B.C.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for thirteen years, and always intend to take it. We came out to British Columbia eight years ago. We lived in Vernon for seven years. By going up upon a hill east of the city, we could see three large lakes, one of these is ninety miles long, called Okanagan, on which the steamer 'Aberdeen' plies daily. The steamer is called after Lord Aberdeen, who has a large ranch four miles from Vernon. We used to see their Excellencies every day. The scenery and climate is beautiful in this valley. We now live on a farm four miles from Enderby, and we like it well, and live beside the railway which goes to Vernon. There is near this railway a river, called the Spallumcheen. The country abounds with game, such as caribou and small deer. On the mountain tops are found wild goats and sheep. There are also a large number of birds, the swan and the pelican, which are beautiful to look at; blackbirds, robins and crows remain with us all winter. The winters are mild here.

GILBERT M., aged 13.

Minnedosa.

Dear Editor,—It is twenty years since my father came to this country. He had a hard time getting here. The railway only came to Winnipeg then, so they had to drive with their teams and waggons from there, a distance of about two hundred miles. The trail for miles being covered with water as far as the eye could see nothing to be seen but water. They crossed the Saskatchewan in a boat made by sewing hides together. Father thought they would all be drowned; but they reached their destination in safety.

We are thinking of starting a Mission Band. Will someone who is a member write and tell us all about how they carry on the work. Someone has been asking for papers for India. Will you please tell me what use they can make of our papers. Can they read English? We have some we can send where they may be needed.

WILLOW.

Otter Lake, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live twenty-eight miles from Otter Lake, that is the post-office. We live twelve miles from any neighbor. It is all bush around us. I am trying to get subscribers for the 'Messenger.' I take it myself and like it very much.

ALICE S.

Minnedosa.

Dear Editor,—Mother thinks your paper the best paper that is printed for boys. I have four brothers, and no sister. We help father to do the chores, and amuse ourselves playing games. You always warn boys to shun all kinds of liquor and tobacco. My grandmother suffered a great deal through intemperance. I have decided to serve Jesus.

PETER.

Walkerton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Messenger,' for three years, and we all think it is a splendid paper. I can hardly wait from one week to another till it comes, and read it from first page to last. I live in the country, and have a lot of outdoor sports; both at home and at school, when the weather is fine: but on the stormy days we stay indoors and play blind-man's-buff and other sorts of games. I got a prize book, named 'Alexander Mackay,' on Christmas. My youngest sister is five years old, and is quite a little chatter-box. I have to read the 'Messenger' to her, and some of the large words she does not understand, so I must explain them to her. When going to bed at night nana tells her Bible stories. She tells him the stories she knows out of the 'Messenger.' Her name is Vira, and I am very fond of her.

LETTIE F.

Ellisboro, Assa.

Dear Editor,—My auntie L. wonders if Katie has an aunt Kate, and a grandpapa in Galt. If so she sends fond regards to her mother. I belong to the 'Dicky Bird Society,' Winnipeg, for the prevention of cruelty to birds and all animals. I am trying to get my little friends to join, too. We had a children's entertainment here, and nearly all the children took part in it. At the close we all marched up one aisle and down the other, while my auntie played a march. We each received a little bag containing an orange, candies, nuts and raisins. I am going to read Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' now.

BIRDIE.

Grangeville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and two sisters, and mamma says I am the 'middle-man,' I come in between. We have a beautiful grove just across the road in front of the house, in summer it is our picnic and play ground. In the spring we tap the maple trees and make sugar and candy. How many of the little Correspondents ever dipped their snow-balls in the hot syrup, and got them covered with little amber candy caps? Is it not jolly fun? Last summer we caught a young squirrel. At nights he would go upstairs to our room and crawl into our beds when he was cold.

WILLIE, aged 12.

Newtonville.

Dear Editor,—One day I was sliding pretty fast on the ice, when suddenly my heels went up and my head went down, and crack! went my two front teeth. They were my second teeth, too, mind you. Poor me! I had to go to a dentist and get them crowned, and don't you pity me.

HELEN, aged 10.

Islington, Ont.

Dear Editor,—In the summer the Sunday-school takes a picnic to High Park. It is situated on the west side of Toronto. There is a very beautiful lake in the park. We always have a good time, and come home tired. I have never been to Montreal, yet; but, if I do go sometime, I will call at the 'Witness' office and see you. I would like to very much.

AMY, aged 10.

Muskoka.

Dear Editor,—We have had school for one year only in this place. We have lots of fun in summer time, fishing and bathing. Last summer two steamboats sunk, and one burned down to the water.

G. J. W.

Battineau, North Dakota.

Dear Editor,—There is an animal that lives around here, we call him the gopher. He is very destructive to the crop. We live on a farm ten miles from town.

BENJ. T., aged 11.

Eastern Ave. S. S.

Dear Editor,—I go to school. I am in the senior second class. I like going to school. I have one brother and three sisters. Papa is my Sunday-school teacher. I like him.

ENA W. aged 9.

Blyth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My eldest sister has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for a long time. I am interested in the stories in the 'Messenger,' especially the Correspondence. Mamma likes the 'Messenger,' especially the temperance stories. I have three brothers and three sisters. My papa has been working in Galt since June 10. He was home on July 1, and we expect him for Thanksgiving. We think of moving to Galt in the spring.

A. R. M., aged 8.

Wolfville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live with my grandpa. Papa and mama have lived with him ever since we came from India, where I was born, nearly seven years ago. I have a pet calf, and an old cat and kitten. Grandpa has two Jersey cows and a horse, named Nellie, and I like to drive her. I have a very nice sled and I am very fond of coasting on it. No liquor has been sold in this town for several years. I hate liquor and tobacco. I go to the Baptist Church and Sunday-school. I have no brothers or sisters.

ERNEST B., aged 6.

HOUSEHOLD.

Mrs. Dale's Inopportunity.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Elizabeth Preston Allan.)

It was a blue Monday at the Glade-Spring Manse; one of the bluest. The preacher felt stiff and sore in mind and body and in spirit. Regularly once a week he felt that his work was all in vain; and that it would be better to be hoeing corn; and then the tired body and mind and spirit rallied, and on Tuesday he thanked God and took courage, or perhaps he took courage to thank God.

But in addition to Mr. Dale's sore muscles, his wife had a nervous headache, and could not lift herself up to brighten the Monday sky, as she was apt to do, by producing a new book, borrowed for the occasion, or by suggesting some kind of picnic suited to the parson's taste. For Mrs. Dale insisted that the Fourth Commandment required a seventh rest day, and since her good man worked on Sunday, he must, as a good Christian, rest on Monday.

Moreover, it was raining hard to-day, with the dreariness of November, and the hopeless chill of approaching winter; everybody felt depressed; the cook in the kitchen, over her bread that was refractory; the children, missing the mothering that usually sweetened life; and most of all, the preacher himself.

And then the door-bell rang. Mrs. Dale lifted her aching head to listen; but eight-year-old Roger did not leave her long in doubt: 'A book-agent, mamma,' he said, coming back from the study, with an amusing imitation of the despair a book-agent generally awakens.

'Did he come in, Roger?'

'Oh, of course he came in. Papa took him right to the fire and dried him off; he was wet as everything.'

Half an hour went by, and not a sound from the study. Mrs. Dale turned restlessly on her pillow and sighed. Some one had lent her 'Seats of the Mighty,' and she had hoped to have her morning enlivened by the tonic of this fine historical romance: how could a book-agent think — Ah, there was the study door! But only the preacher crossed the hall, and softly opened his wife's door. He came in with a flush of pleasure on his handsome face, and a great light in the deep-set grey eyes.

'Wife,' he said, with a boyish ring in his voice, 'I have come to ask a favor of you. I know things are upside down with us just now, but I want you to let me keep this lad with us a few days.'

'The book-agent, John?'

'Yes, poor fellow, he isn't any book-agent to hurt; he is just a homesick, heartsick, discouraged boy, who set out with high hopes of earning some money for a college course, and who has lost money instead, and is miserable. I am sure I know a thing or two that will help him, if I can keep him by me a while; in fact, Isabel, I want very much to keep him; I look upon him as an opportunity.'

It was as well, perhaps, that our country parson did not recognize the adoring admiration that shone upon him from the white face on the pillow; what he did not miss, was the sweet mirth of his wife's answer.

'Of course you shall have your book-agent, John—as if you needed to ask leave! But you will have to let me say that I look upon him to-day as an inopportunity.'

The preacher went back to his study laughing, and Mrs. Dale felt that the book-agent had after all proved a better tonic than the story of Quebec. All day long she heard the cheerful sounds of entertainment going on, interspersed with visits to the cellar for apples, and to the woodshed for nuts. After the early dinner—there was a good supply of Sunday's extras left over—Mr. Dale took his young guest out visiting in his tight little buggy, regardless of the rain.

The wife was on the sitting-room couch when they got back, and her gentle, bright welcome, went staright to the desolate boy's heart. He felt a bost boyish desire to have a good cry when she took his hand and said how nice it was to have him at the Manse.

Well, it rained and rained, and all those wet days Mr. Dale held on to his guest, though he was too busy now for much entertainment.

On Thursday morning the sun shone brightly on a drenched world, and our young book-agent left the manse, refreshed in mind and body, with a new hope and courage, and an undying belief in the loving kindness of Christian people. A letter or two passed between him and his entertainers, at intervals, and then they lost sight of him for long years.

But one day at a meeting of Synod, Mr. Dale—no longer the handsome young man you saw that rainy Monday—brought up a stranger to speak to his wife; he had preached the night before, but she had failed to catch his name; and what a strange introduction it was: 'Isabella,' said her husband, 'did you ever see this gentleman before? This was your Inopportunity, my dear!'

Useful Hints.

Put sugar in the water used for basting meats of all kinds; it gives a good flavor. To give a fine flavor to corned beef hash, use good stock for moistening, with a pinch of salt, sugar and cayenne.

In taking down the stove, if any soot should fall upon the carpet or rug, cover quickly with dry salt before sweeping and not a mark will be left.

The stringy coat left on bananas after they are peeled should be removed before eating. It is this, like the white, pithy underskin of an orange, which is indigestible.

To those who study the niceties of detail in the preparation of even a simple dish, it may be suggested that chocolate used as a drink is much improved if blended several hours beforehand. It is better even to break the unsweetened chocolate into an earthen bowl the night before, adding cold water and covering closely. In this way the flavor of the chocolate is best extracted.

Save every bone, whether beef, mutton, veal, poultry or game, as well as all juices in the meat dishes, for the stock pot. Into this storehouse of wealth, for such the stock pot is, go the tough ends from the rib roasts, which would only become tasteless and dry if roasted; also the fat ends cut from mutton chops, the bone left from sirloin steak, and the carcasses from either poultry or game, as well as the bones from the roasting pieces.

A TRIBUTE FROM TORONTO.

'A Tower of Strength.'

The Methodist young people's paper, 'Onward,' says: — "Nowhere, we think, is there a press of higher moral tone than that of our beloved country. It possesses, we think, the unique distinction of having a leading journal in its largest city which for over fifty years has been a moral crusader, a champion of reform. At the sacrifice of much money it has stood true to its high principle, and stands four-square, a tower of strength, against all the winds that blow."—*'Onward.'*

'ONE OF THE MINISTER'S MOST VALUED HELPS.'

NAPANEE, Ont.

I wish to add my humble testimony to the value of the 'Witness.' I feel that it is one of the minister's most valued helps in the cause of righteousness and reform, and should be in every home.

REV. W. J. CROTHERS.

Cut this out and enclose it in the next letter you write, or hand it to the first friend you meet—adding, if you will, a little word of your own for the 'Witness.'

ATTRACTIVE CLUBS

To Individual Addresses.

Combination Club No. I.

The 'Daily Witness,' one year	$3.00
The 'Northern Messenger' one year	30
'Sea, Forest and Prairie,' Tales by Young Canadians, cloth binding	50
'Reprinted Stories,' for young people	25
'In His Steps,' Sheldon's Masterpiece	10
'The Ram's Horn,' for one year	1.50
	$5.65

All for $4.30.

Combination Club No. II.

The 'Weekly Witness' one year	$1.00
The 'Northern Messenger' one year	30
'In His Steps'	10
'Sea, Forest and Prairie'	50
'Reprinted Stories'	25
'The Ram's Horn' one year	1.50
	$3.65

All for $2.65.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Extraordinary Premium Offers

FOR 'MESSENGER' SUBSCRIBERS WHO WILL SECURE NEW 'MESSENGER' SUBSCRIBERS.

Keep this Premium List carefully, it will not be repeated.

PREFACE.

Again we take pleasure in announcing another season's Premium Offers.

Although the "Messenger" circulation has increased by leaps and bounds during the past two years, we know that the next-door neighbors of our subscribers are still comparative strangers to it. They have heard of it, of course, but that is not the same as seeing it and looking it over, and hearing what their friends think of it. There are still hundreds of thousands of homes that would enjoy the weekly visits of the 'Messenger' very much. To secure the introduction of the 'Messenger' into such homes is our aim in sending out the present Premium Offers. The Premiums are all for our subscribers who will secure the subscriptions of their neighbors and friends.

The offers we are about to make are rendered possible only by reserving them exclusively to present subscribers, and to these only when they secure other subscribers.. To see each one of our old subscribers obtaining one of our handsome premiums in this way would delight us greatly.

If generous premiums will do it, our subscription harvest will be larger than ever.

CONDITIONS.

Premiums are given to subscribers only. That is, to those whose names are on our mailing list and members of their families, or to any member of any school subscribing to the 'Messenger' for general distribution. In cases where members of 'Messenger' families or 'Messenger' schools work for a Premium, the name of the one in whose name the 'Messenger' is sent must be given when sending in subscriptions for premiums.

A premium cannot be given to anyone for sending his own subscription, or that of any member of his own household, since neither time nor effort is required to secure such a subscription; but as soon as one has become a subscriber himself, he may work for premiums under the Conditions presented on this page.

Premiums cannot be given to anyone securing subscriptions on commission or at reduced rates.

Two 'Messenger' renewals at 30c each count as one new subscription on our premium offers.

If a name sent us as NEW proves to be that of an old subscriber, or is a transfer of the paper from one member of a household to another, in order to secure the premium, another subscription must be sent.

If one member of an household has received the 'Messenger' this year, and it is sent next year in the name of another member of the same household, this is simply a Transfer, and does not increase the number of our subscribers. Such a subscription only counts as a renewal.

A subscription cannot be considered new unless it actually increases the number of our subscribers, and introduces the 'Messenger' to a household where it has not been received during the past year; for such a subscription practically takes the place of an old one, though the name and address may be new. Such a subscription only counts as a renewal.

INFORMATION.

U.S. Premiums.—The only Premiums that can be supplied to subscribers in the United States are the Bagster Bibles

Foreign postage on the 'Messenger' is 52c per annum.

Send money at our risk by Express Order, Post-Office Order, Postal Note, or Registered Letter.

Delivery of Premiums is prepaid in every case.

Samples and subscription blanks will be sent on application.

Montreal subscriptions may not apply in our premium offers.

All subscriptions must be marked distinctly 'Renewals,' or 'New,' or 'Transferred' as the case may be.

Premium offers announced previous to this list are cancelled.

"For Sale."—We offer our premiums for sale at reasonable prices to our subscribers who are not able to earn them.

We, however, prefer that they be earned by obtaining subscriptions.

Write names of subscribers and Post-office legibly, to prevent inconvenience to publishers and subscribers. Address all communications 'John Dougall and Son, "Witness" Building, Montreal.'

Responsibility for Lost Packages.—While we use every precaution to ensure the delivery of goods sent by mail, we are not responsible for the loss of goods so sent. We can, however, by means of a system at our command, guarantee the arrival of goods when five cents is added to remittances for this purpose.

CAUTION.

We want particularly to request that people do not compare our premiums with cheaper goods described in very much the same terms, and which are inferior.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

The 'Messenger' happens to be the cheapest large twelve-page weekly published, so far as we know. But no one should buy it simply because it is the cheapest. The cheapest is often too dear at any price; as indeed we consider to be the case with some papers published at rates as low as their morals.

The 'Messenger' happens to enjoy by far the largest circulation among the religious weeklies of Canada, and continues to advance by leaps and bounds. It certainly seems to be the popular paper of our Dominion, and has overrun its borders into the neighboring Republic. Yet its popularity and success is not a sufficient guarantee that it should be allowed entrance into, and influence over, a family circle. The most popular papers are not always the best, as for example, the sensational newspap ', which always forges to the front in point of circulation.

No one should subscribe to any publication, whether newspaper, magazine, or religious paper, merely because it is the cheapest or because it is the most widely circulated. One should be governed by better reasons than either of these. It is a serious thing to take a paper into the home. It might put a blight on tender buds. It might be a stumbling block to little feet. It might break some 'bruised reed' of trust in God, might quench some 'smoking flax' of holy desire. Those do well who demand the best paper to be found, and subscribe to it whether it is cheap or dear. The best is the cheapest in the long run.

When one discovers a helpful book or publication of any kind, one should tell their friends about it. What has helped one, or what one has enjoyed, others will enjoy too. One can exert an influence for good in this way. Influence is a sacred trust.

So, if our subscribers have found the 'Messenger' to be intensely interesting, instructive, and inspiring; if they have welcomed its weekly visits as a dear friend, they will not hesitate to renew their own subscriptions NOR WILL THEY FIND IT DIFFICULT TO SECURE NEW SUBSCRIBERS among their friends. To get all that the 'Messenger' offers for only thirty cents a year is a bargain indeed.

HOW WE SELECTED OUR PREMIUMS.

If we have made a mistake it is in offering too valuable goods, instead of the cheaper goods usually used as premiums. If our friends will only realise the difference in quality, our selection will have been warranted.

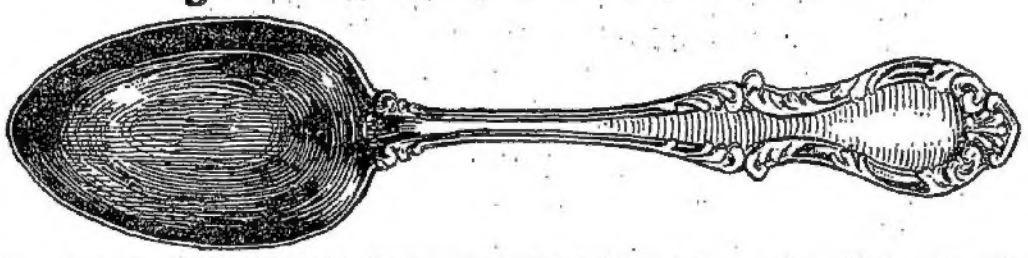
In choosing our premiums this year, we have, as our custom is, endeavored to get the most popular articles of the season, and only such as seemed to be of really good value for the price. We would not consider for a moment goods, however cheap, that were reduced because they would not sell, nor would we consider those that sold at fancy prices. A certain number of stand-bys, good always and always popular, have been included. We have also repeated some of last year's most popular offers.

We feel confident that, whether our subscribers earn these premiums by getting new subscribers, or whether they buy them at the cash prices named, they will be perfectly satisfied. Indeed, the cash prices are in many cases very much lower than the same goods bring in our leading stores, notwithstanding that we pay delivery charges. Buying, as we do, in large quantities, we get specially low rates, and it is for this reason that we are able to sell at the prices we name, and pay delivery charges.

We have described the goods honestly. We might have said much more, and still have been within the bounds of truthfulness, but we prefer to underrate rather than overrate our premiums.

Those who get to work most promptly will have the best success.

JOAN TABLE WARE.



We get these Spoons and Forks to match, from one of the very largest manufacturers in the world. Over five million dozen spoons of this kind is their record, and their whole output of table ware is simply enormous. They understand their business and make a good article, and sell at smaller profits than many other manufacturers. They do not profess to make a cheap spoon, but a good spoon and one worth the price. We are convinced that these spoons will disappoint no one. They are very highly spoken of by both the wholesale and retail trade as well as by the manufacturers. The Joan table ware is made, the manufacturers tell us, of the Highest Grade Nickel Silver, and is heavily plated with FINE Silver. It has been the aim of the manufacturers to make them equal in design and workmanship to any similar articles in Sterling Silver, and they certainly have succeeded in turning out a very fine article. Many received Joan premiums last year and were greatly pleased with them.

HALF DOZEN

JOAN TEA SPOONS.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers for twelve NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each;

or for six NEW subscriptions and 50c additional.

For sale, delivery paid, $1.75.

QUARTER DOZEN

JOAN DESSERT SPOONS.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers for eight NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each.

or for four new subscriptions, and 50 cents additional.

For sale, delivery paid, $2.30.

QUARTER DOZEN

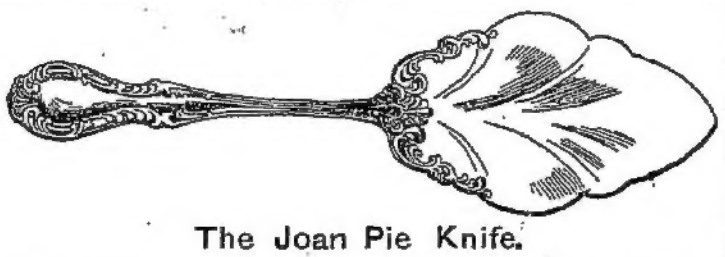
JOAN TABLE SPOONS OR FORKS.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers for twelve NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each.

or for six NEW subscriptions and 50 cents additional.

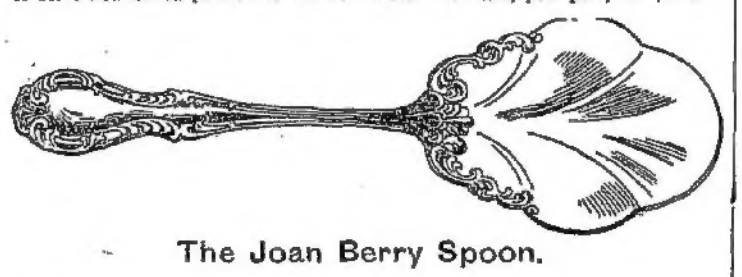
For sale, delivery paid, $1.30.

We will not need to say much about these goods. They look interesting in the pen and ink sketches, and when one sees them one is charmed with them. They look exactly like sterling silverware. They are the very best plate, and we are assured will wear a lifetime. They are high-priced goods, and sell in the most fashionable city jewellery stores at fancy prices. We know by experience that these premiums will give every satisfaction, and anticipate a very large demand for them. For presents they are unequalled.



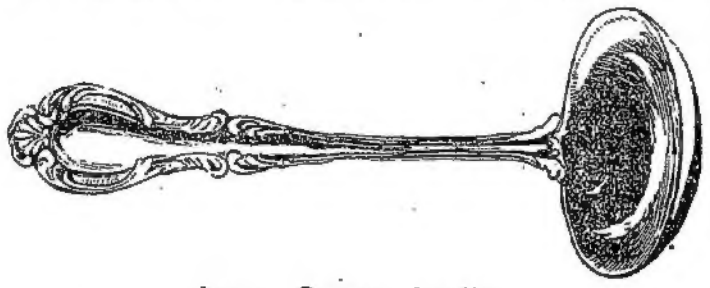
The Joan Pie Knife.

10 inches in length, sold locally at $1.75, in neat satin-lined box. Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 10 new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each, or for 5 new subscriptions and 75c additional. For sale, post paid, for $1.75.



The Joan Berry Spoon.

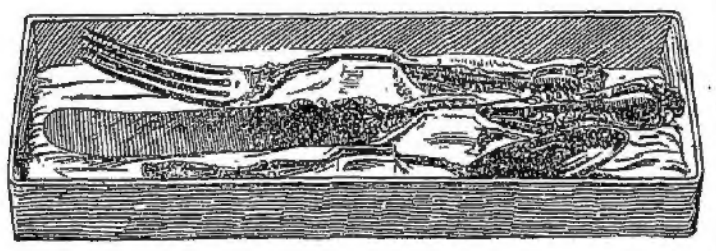
9 inches in length, sold locally at $1.60, in neat satin lined box, given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 9 new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each, or for 5 new subscriptions and 60c additional. For sale, post paid, for $1.60.



Joan Gravy Ladle.

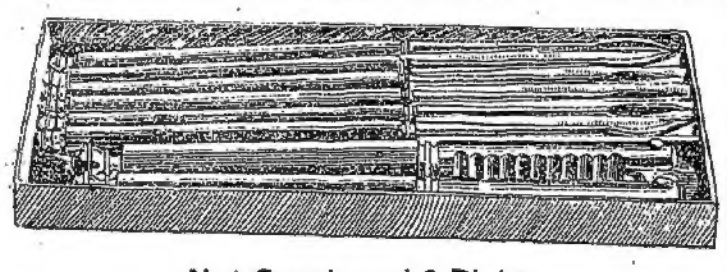
This Joan pattern Ladle, which is plated with pure silver, on the finest quality of nickel silver, will be found a great addition to the silver service. It comes in a satin-lined box, and very suitable as a present.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for six new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each, or for three new subscriptions and 50c additional.



The Joan Child's Set.

The Knife is 7¼ inches in length and other pieces in proper proportion. This set is suitable for a child from two years to ten years of age, and makes an appropriate present for Christening for Birthday. This set comes in a satin-lined box and sells locally at $2.30. Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 8 new subscriptions at 30c each, or for 4 new subscriptions and 55c additional. For sale, post paid, for $1.50.



Nut Crack and 6 Picks.

Just the article for the young folks, when their neighbors join them in cracking nuts and jokes on a winter's evening. Nice for Christmas presents.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers for three new subscribers at 30c each

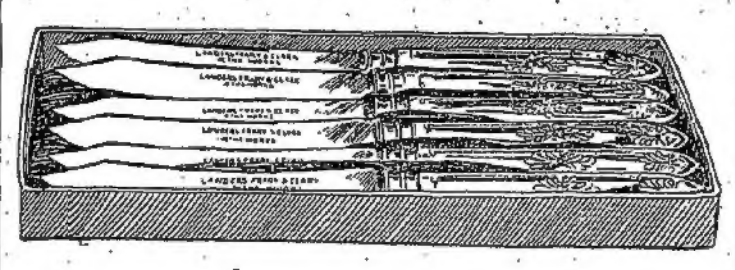
For sale, postpaid, at 45c.

Child's Mug.

This mug is quadruple silver-plated and gold line and beautifully chased. The designs may vary slightly, but are all pretty.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers for seven new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each.

For sale, post paid, for $1.30.



FRUIT KNIVES.

One-half dozen of handsome fruit knives in a satin lined box, steel blades, heavily plated, very dainty; a handsome and useful article of silverware

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers for twelve new subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 30c each; or for six new subscriptions at 30c each, and $1 additional.

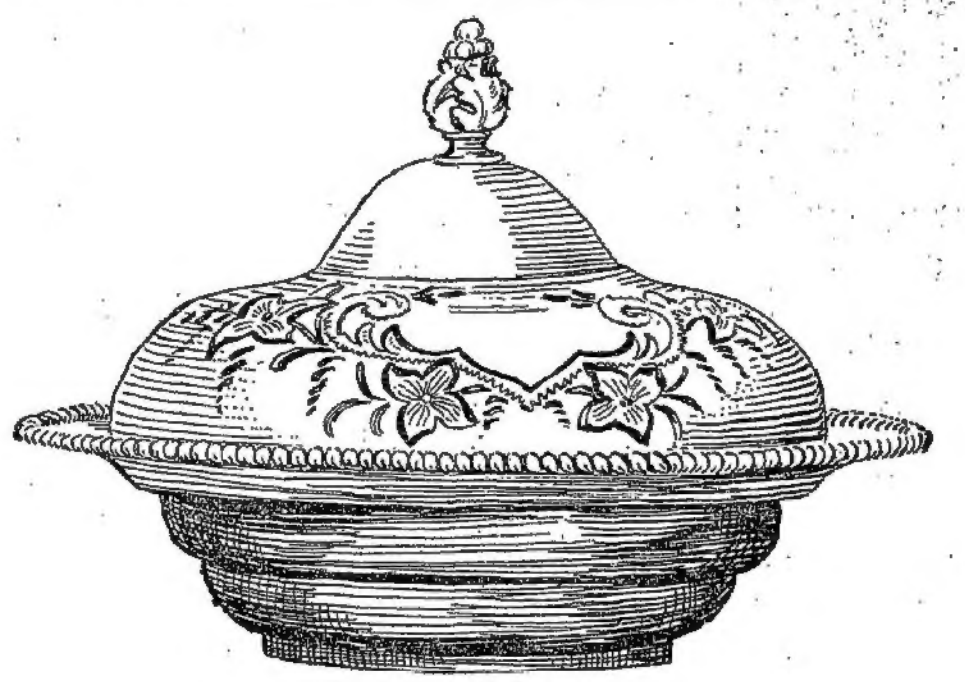
For sale, postpaid, for $1.75.

NAPKIN RINGS.

This very cute Napkin Ring is just the thing for a young lady's Birthday Present. It is much larger than shown in our illustration, and is the usual size. It is genuine quadruple silver plate, engraved, satin finish, gold lined, shot border.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers for seven new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each.

For sale, postpaid, at $1.30.

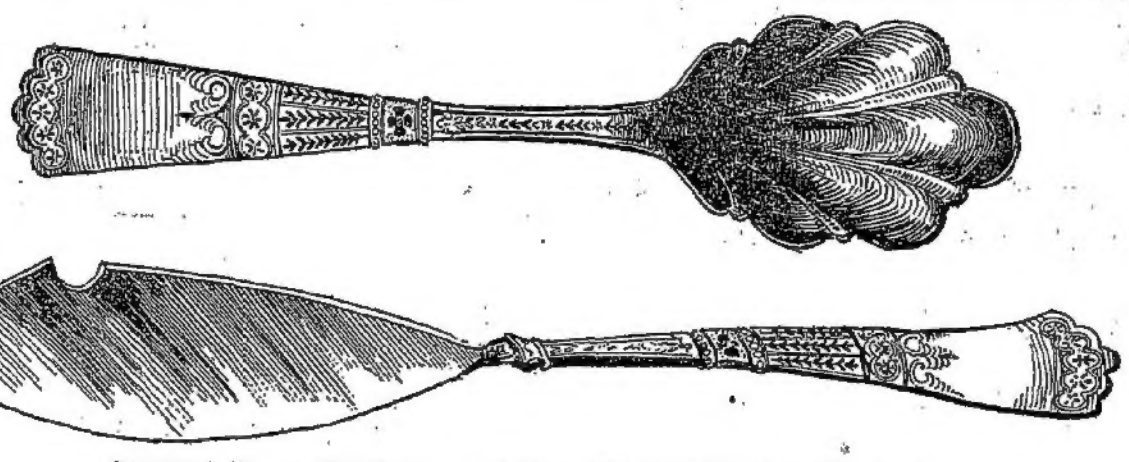


BUTTER DISH.

This butter dish is both ornamental and serviceable. The butter rests on a tray or plate, leaving a space below for the water from the ice when used. The tray fits firmly, yet easily, into the dish. It is quadruple silver plate, hand chased, latest design, satin finished cover, with elegant shot beading.

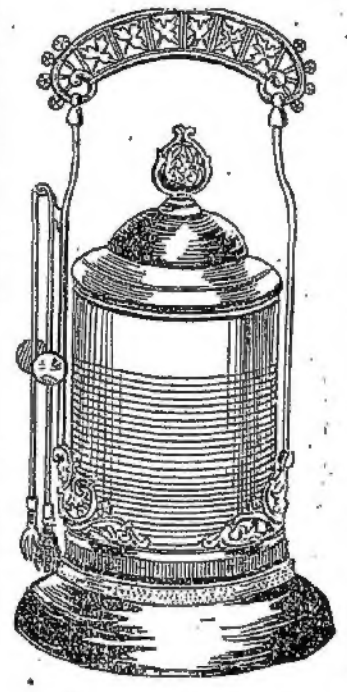
GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers for seventeen NEW subscriptions at 30c. each; or for ten NEW subscriptions at 30c each, and $1 additional.

For sale, carriage paid, $2.75.



SUGAR SHELL AND BUTTER KNIFE.

The Sugar Shell and Butter Knife is heavily plated, Wm. Rogers' Silver-ware, in neat, plush-lined box. Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 8 new subscriptions at 30c each. For sale, post paid, $1.40.



Pickle Caster.

This Pickle Caster is one of the best values we have to offer. It is quadruple silver plate, complete with tongs, as shown in cut, with latest shade of heavy green ribbed glass. It is bright and pretty on a table, and stands about a foot in height.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers for ten NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each.

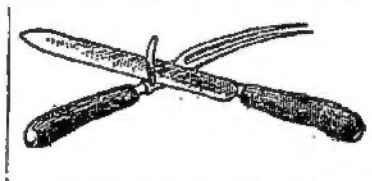
For sale, carriage paid, $2.00.

SYRUP PITCHER.

This syrup pitcher will give great satisfaction. It has a splendid 'cut off lip' inside, which prevents the syrup running down the outside. It is also a very ornamental piece for the table, being quadruple silver plate and beautifully hand chased.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers, for seventeen new subscribers at thirty cents each, or for ten new subscriptions at thirty cents each and $1.00 additional.

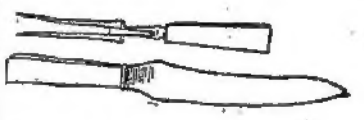
For sale, carriage paid, $2.75.



BUCKHORN CARVING SET.

Manufactured by Joseph Rodgers & Sons, cutlers to Her Majesty. A strong and durable carving set for every day. Blade 8 inches, handles buckhorn, with patent guard on fork. Securely mailed in a box and given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 8 new subscriptions at 30c each, or for 4 new subscriptions and 60 cents additional.

For sale, postpaid, $1.25



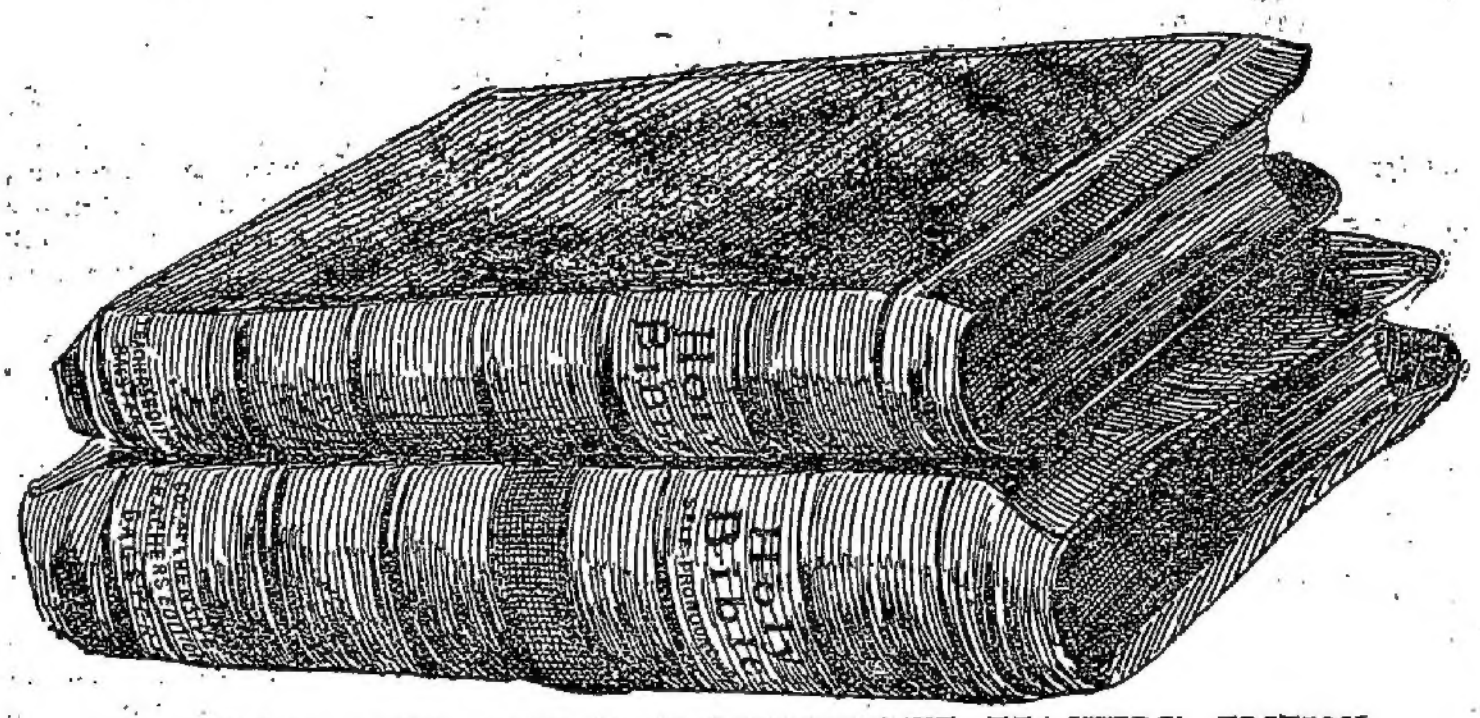
ENCORE CARVING KNIFE & FORK.

Large square, white celluloid handles, closely resembling the old-fashioned ivory handle, with curved eight-inch Sheffield blade, making a choice set of two pieces, suitable for any gentleman's table.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers for eleven NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30 cents each.

For sale, postpaid, at $1.65.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS SENT FOR PREMIUMS IN THIS LIST MUST BE AT 30c EACH.



BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER COMPREHENSIVE TEACHERS' EDITION.

We have given several thousand copies of this Edition as premiums. We expect to give several thousands more. It gives great satisfaction to every one who gets it. It is printed in large type (Long Primer), silk sewed, and bound in genuine leather, with limp covers, round corners divinity circuit, and red under gold edges. At the back are a number of very attractive features to Bible students and teachers, among others a concordance, an alphabetical index to the Scriptures, and 13 maps with index. This book is represented by the underneath book in the illustration, but is, of course, much larger than the picture, a page actually measuring 8½ x 5½ inches. Though called 'The Teachers' Bible,' this book is, of course, equally suitable to all. Publisher's price has been $3.00; we can sell at $2.00, and prepay postage But we prefer to give them as premiums.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers for nine NEW subscriptions at 30 cents each.

THE NEW BAGSTER MINION TEACHERS' BIBLE.

A handy size, for Ministers, Teachers, and others. This book is represented by the upper book in this illustration, but is, of course, much larger, a page actually measuring 8 x 5¼ inches. It is one-half the thickness of the Long Primer Edition, and less than one-third the weight. It is bound in black leather, limp cover, round corners. Red undergilt edges, containing the Old and New Testament, with references. A selection of new and revised helps to Bible study. A new concordance, elementary instruction to the Hebrew and Greek languages; inclosed Bible Atlas, with thirteen maps.

This handsome edition will be found most serviceable for carrying about, it will be preferred by most people to the heavier book.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers for five NEW subscriptions at 30c each. For sale, postpaid, $1.15.

'RAM'S HORN.'

Many of our readers know the 'Ram's Horn' by repute. It is a weekly paper in the field of practical religion. Its front page colored cartoon is a feature that is known the world over. Its page of modern proverbs is more quoted than any other religious paper. Its subscription price is $1.50 per annum.

Sent during 1900 to 'Messenger' subscribers for eight new subscriptions at 30c each; or for four new subscriptions and 65c.

Or the 'Messenger' and the Rams' Horn' will be sent to anyone during 1900 for $1.50.

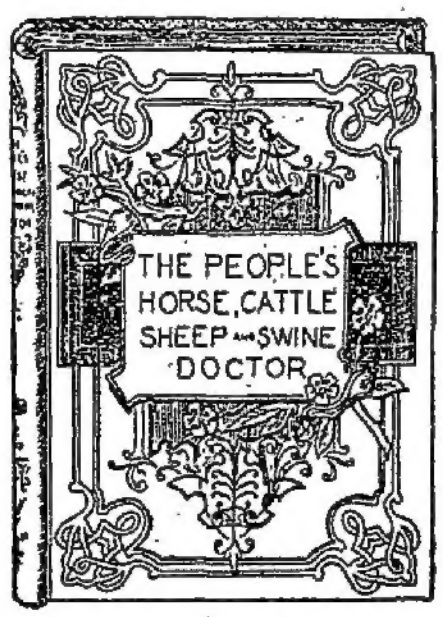
FIVE POETICAL WORKS

Shakespeare, Milton, Thomson, Cowper and Goldsmith.

These books, volumes of selected poems, are bound in pretty stiff green covers, with decorative design, and title in reddish brown. They are printed on good paper. We are offering them at a great bargain, because one of the set, as shown in the illustration, is slightly taller than the rest of the set. The illustration only shows four volumes, but the fifth 'Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare,' has been added.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers, postpaid, for seven NEW subscriptions at 30c each.

For sale, postpaid, $1.25.



The different remedies employed, in all diseases, are described, and the doses required are given. The book is copiously illustrated, including engravings showing the shapes of horses' teeth at different ages. An elaborate index is a valuable feature.

It is printed in clear, good type, on fine paper, and is handsomely bound in cloth, with ink side stamp and gold back, and is a book which every person ought to possess who has anything to do with the care of animals.

No farmer or breeder should be without this valuable book. Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for three new subscriptions at 30c each.

For sale, postpaid, at 75c.

THE 'WITNESS'

Our Best Premium:

CANADA'S LEADING INDEPENDENT PAPER.

The 'Weekly Witness' is given to 'Messenger' subscribers (who have not taken either the Daily or Weekly 'Witness' during the past year) for obtaining five new subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 30c each.

The 'Daily Witness' is given to 'Messenger' subscribers who have not taken it during the past year, for 12 new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each.

'Messenger' readers who have not been subscribers to the 'Witness' may have the 'Messenger' and the 'Daily Witness' for $3.10; or the 'Messenger' and the 'Weekly Witness' for $1.20. Two great weekly papers for only ten cents a month.

A Library of Half a Dozen Good Books.

MARION HARLAND'S FOUR FAMOUS FAMILY VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

HEALTH TOPICS.

Chap. 1. The Family Medicine Chest.
" II. The Latest Arrival.
" III. Food for Infants.
" IV. Baby's Clothes.
" V. The "Second Summer."
" VI. Sickness in the Family.
" VII. "Brainy" Children."
" VIII. Good Cookery as a moral because healthful agency.
" IX. Good Cookery as a moral because healthful agency —Concluded.

VOLUME II.

HOME TOPICS.

Chap. 1. Helpful or Harmful.
" II. Manners of Every Day Wear.
" III. Our Girl and Doubtful Books.
" IV. Politeness as Policy.
" V. Our Feet and Our Hands.
" VI. Common Sense Window Gardening.
" VII. Common Sense Window Gardening, concluded.
" VIII. The Marriage Tie.
" IX. What People Should not Wear.

VOLUME III.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

Chap. I. How We Make Housekeeping Harder.
" II. Ways and Ways of Work.
" III. Beds and Bed-Making.
" IV. How to Save Time and Yourself.
" V. Fine Art in 'Drudgery.'
" VI. Spring House Cleaning.
" VII. 'Wanted—Change.'
" VIII. Where the Shoe Pinches.
" IX. Where the Shoe Pinches (concluded).

VOLUME IV.

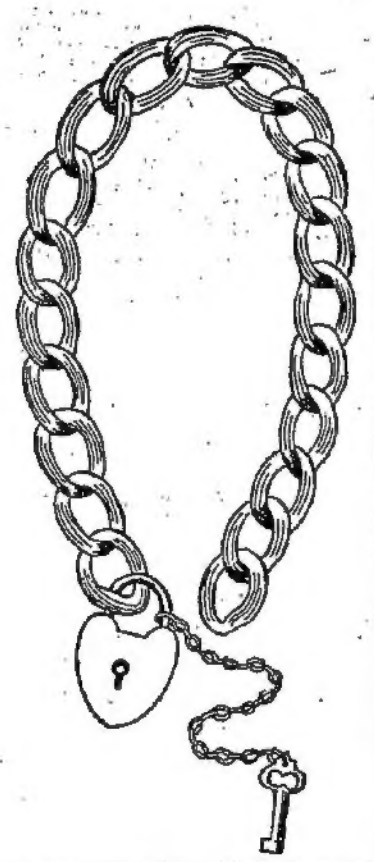
COOKING HINTS.

Chap. 1. How to be Hospitable, Though Rural.
" II. Eggs—Their Uses and Abuses.
" III. Diet and Homes.
" IV. The Modern Luncheon or Ladies only.
" V. The Invariable Potato.
" VI. Between Seasons.
" VII. Hot Weather Dishes.
" VIII. 'Under Protest'?
" IX. Oil Stoves and John.

The above four volumes, and a copy of Sheldon's great story 'In His Steps,' AND a copy of 'Sea Forest and Prairie,' which is a volume of Canadian tales by young Canadians, making six books in all; five of which are bound in paper covers, and the last is neatly bound in stiff board, dark olive green colored cloth covers.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for five new subscriptions at30c each.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS SENT FOR PREMIUMS IN THIS LIST MUST BE AT 30c EACH.



Ladies' Gold-filled Chain Bracelet

with Padlock and Key, warranted by makers to wear for years. This is the most popular Chain Bracelet, and very pretty and rich in appearance. See illustration.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers, for twenty NEW subscriptions at thirty cents each.

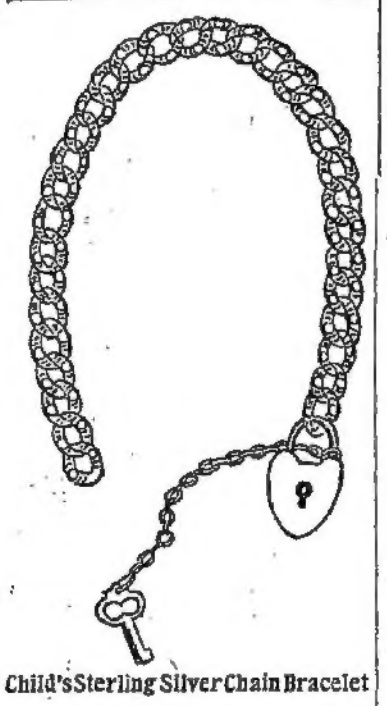
For sale, postpaid, for $3.00.

Ladies' Sterling Silver Bracelet

with Padlock and Key, of same style as the gold-filled Bracelet.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers, for twelve NEW subscriptions at thirty cents each.

For sale, postpaid, for $1.80.



Child's Sterling Silver Chain Bracelet

with Padlock and Key, nicely chased, as represented in the illustration.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers, for six new subscriptions at thirty cents each. eight new subscriptions at thirty cents each.

For sale, post paid, at $1.25.

Child's Gold-filled Chain Bracelet

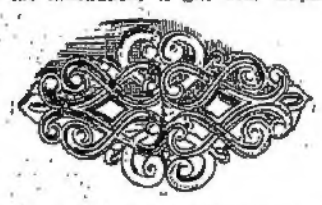
with Padlock and Key, warranted by makers to wear for years. These child's bracelets are very neat. The Gold Bracelet is like the illustration, but its links are plain.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers, for eight new subscriptions at thirty cents each.

For sale, postpaid, at $1.40.

NECK CLASP AND SASH BUCKLE

This fashionable set (about twice as large as the illustration) is gilt with turquoise



blue and pearl enamel. Very rich in appearance, and is all ready for the ribbon.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers for eight NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 30 cents each.

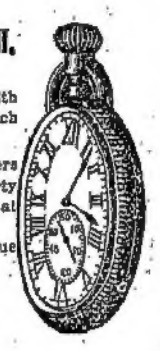
For sale, postpaid, $1.10.

LADIES' GUN METAL CASE WATCH.

Stem wind, ornamented, enamel face, with colored Roman figures; a neat little watch for a lady.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers for twenty-one new subscriptions at thirty cents each or for ten new subscriptions at thirty cents each and $1.75 additional.

For sale, postpaid, $3.50, and good value



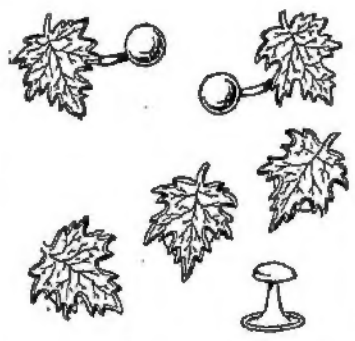
GUN METAL CASE WATCH.

Stem wind gun metal case watch, very fashionable in these times of war.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers, for twenty NEW subscriptions at thirty cents each, or for ten subscriptions and $1.50 additional.

For sale, postpaid, including the 'Messenger' one year, $3.75; or including the 'Daily Witness' for $5.50. This is good value.

For sale separately, postpaid, for $3.25.



MAPLE LEAF Blouse Sets.

Including One pair of Maple Leaf Cuff Links, Three Maple Leaf Front Studs, and One Plain Collar Stud.

Very patriotic, and very dainty. Made entirely of Sterling Silver, decorated with Pure Gold. A lady who has seen these sets gave her opinion that they would bring $5 in the city stores. WE can afford to give them to 'Messenger' subscribers who will send six new subscriptions at thirty cents each.

GENTLEMEN'S WATCH CHAINS.

GOLD FILLED ALBERT CHAIN.

This gold filled Albert Chain is guaranteed by the makers for ten years.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for 15 new subscriptions at 30c each;
—or for 9 new subscriptions and $1.00 additional.

For Sale, postpaid, for $2.75.

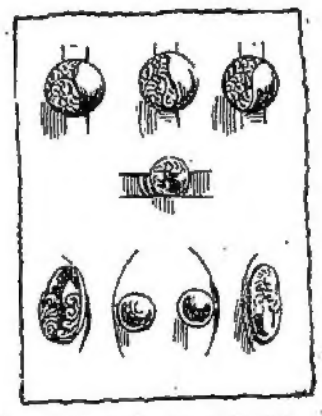
STERLING SILVER ALBERT CHAIN.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers.

For 12 new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each; or for 6 new subscriptions and 90c additional.

For Sale, postpaid, at $2.00.

LADIES' BLOUSE SET
NO. 1.



Three large studs, one small stud, and cuff links of fine rolled gold plate of pretty design, and will be found a durable and useful set. They are about twice the size of illustration.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers, for eight NEW subscribers at thirty cents each.

For sale, postpaid, $1.15.

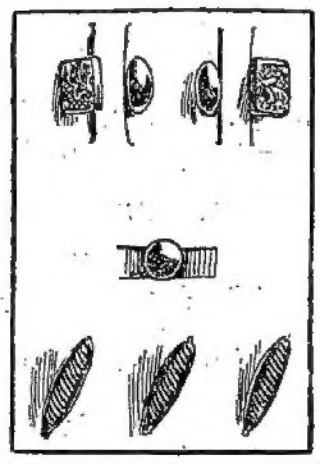
LADIES' BLOUSE SET
NO. 2.

Same design as No. 1 in sterling silver.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers, for five NEW subscribers at thirty cents each.

For sale, postpaid, 75c.

LADIES' BLOUSE SET
NO. 3.

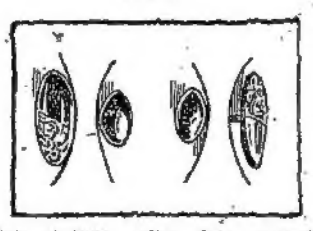


With three blouse pins, one pair links, and one stud, fine rolled gold plate, latest fashion. About twice the size of illustration.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers, for eight NEW subscribers at thirty cents each.

For sale, postpaid, $1.20.

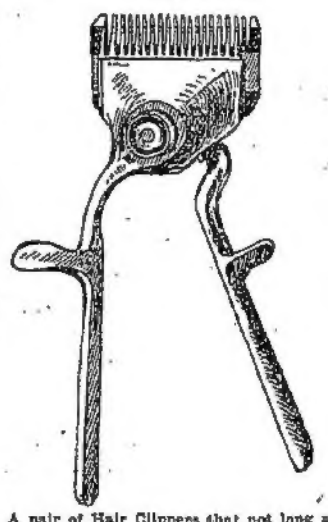
GENT'S SET OF LINKS.



Pair of links, rolled plate, warranted by manufacturers ten years, about twice the size of illustration.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers, for six NEW subscribers at thirty cents each. For sale, postpaid, 90 cents.

HAIR CLIPPERS.



A pair of Hair Clippers that not long ago would cost several dollars. They will be found very handy in the country parts where there is no barber and the hair cutting is done at home.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' subscribers, for six NEW subscriptions at thirty cents each.

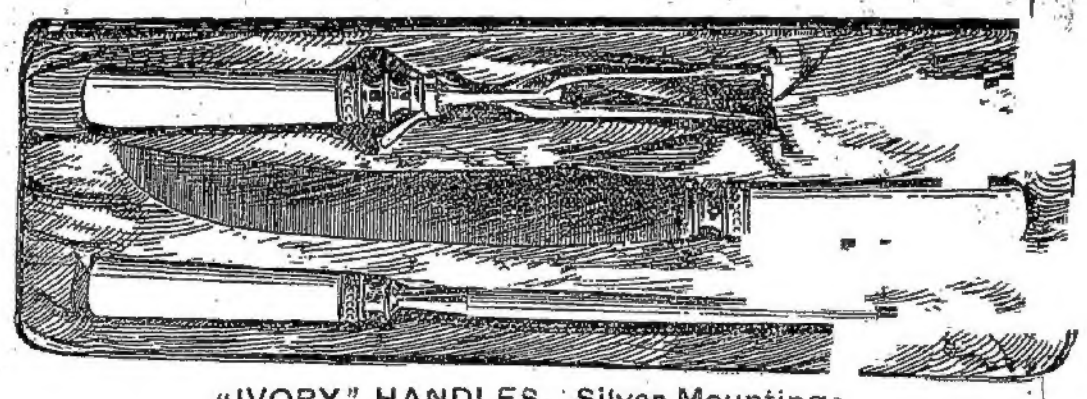
A BAGSTER MINION BIBLE

FOR ONLY TWO

NEW SUCSCRIPTIONS TO 'MESSENGER'

Full bound in black pebbled cloth; red edge; measures when open 7 x 5¾. A nice Bible for Sabbath School, Day School, or pew.

Messenger subscribers can secure one free by sending only two new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at thirty cents each.



"IVORY" HANDLES.—Silver Mountings.

A magnificent set of carvers. The steel, blade and fork are all of the very best cutlery steel, carefully ground, tempered and individually tested. The sterling silver ferules or bands are richly chased. The celluloid handles are an extremely good imitation of ivory. As they lie in their satin-lined case they present a rich appearance, and they will assuredly lend a charm to the dinner table.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' Subscribers for 30 new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each.
—or for 15 new subscriptions and $2.25 additional.
—or for 8 new subscriptions and $3.30 additional. For sale, carriage paid, $4.50.

A GOOD STEEL.

The manufacturers, Landers, Frary & Clark, New Britain, Conn., say they "make the best steels in the world," and, truly, this one works like a charm. A good steel is a necessity in every household. With this steel the carver can be kept sharp without the grindstone. This is the same steel as in the Set of Carvers, except that it has an ordinary strong bone handle. Directions how to sharpen a carver scientifically with each steel.

GIVEN only to 'Messenger' Subscribers for 4 new subscriptions at 30 cents each. For sale, post paid, 55c.

"HOME PROTECTION"

"A bad book may break up a home.' If a book in a few minutes may exert an evil influence upon your children, how about the newspaper that enters your home regularly? Insincerity in a paper breeds insincerity in its readers. Impurity in a paper breeds impurity in its readers. Is the influence of your paper sold to any party or to any great corporation, or to any individual interest? Or does it gloat over crime in its news columns? Or does it despise any good cause? Or does it contain stories that have a dash of the unwholesome about them? Or does it insert injurious advertising? Then get rid of that paper, and if you can find none better take none rather than welcome to your home a sheet that may lead you or your children from the path of rectitude. As milk sours quickly in the presence of anything putrid, so susceptible youth is readily contaminated by a book or newspaper. A spark may smoulder a long time before the blaze appears, and people wonder at the cause of the fire. And so people wonder why many young men are on the wrong road to-day, and they do not once suspect the "yellow" or "sensational" press as the cause. Sensational papers and books are sometimes bought because they are the cheapest. But are they the cheapest in the end?—Anon.

CHILDREN BROUGHT UP ON IT.

I am bringing my children up on the 'Witness,' and we all welcome it as a friend.

J. M. EAMES,
Lacombe, N.S.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

People do not part with their money without what they consider good reason, if they can help it. But provide a good reason, show them that what you have to sell is something they want, and if they have the money, an exchange takes place.

Now, this rule applies to newspapers as well as to any other merchantable article. Therefore, as we hope to add largely to our circulation again this season, we deem it well to state why the 'Witness' is the best value in the way of a newspaper that can be found anywhere. And these reasons we state here in the hope that many of our subscribers will cut them out and enclose them in a letter to a friend who they think would be interested. The reasons are as follows:—

I. News—At the earliest possible moment, as accurate as possible, not the product of imagination, but fact, and both comprehensive and complete. Those who really are anxious for the news will find it in the 'Witness.' Those who read the 'Witness' regularly will certainly be well informed. Reason one is good.

II. Editorial—well informed, unbiased, sincere, straightforward, outspoken. Such opinion will always prove interesting, even to those who may hold different views. It is such opinion, and the knowledge that neither news nor editorial space can be purchased at any price, that has been the backbone of the 'Witness,' that has given it the place it now holds in the hearts and homes of the Canadian people, and that gives it so much weight in the minds of politicians of whatever party. Reason two is good.

III. Among the thousand and one features that go to make a paper interesting and valuable to the public, the 'Witness' includes a general question and answer department, besides the following special question and answer departments: Medical, Legal, Veterinary, Farming, Gardening, Chess, Numismatic, etc., etc. 'Witness' subscribers may ask any question in reason, and have it answered by those who, from their position and training, are best able to reply. One question answered is often worth many times the price of the subscription. Reason number three is good.

IV. Then there are religious news, Sunday-school lesson, Christian Endeavor Topic, and Temperance departments. Besides much reading matter devoted to information and the discussion of the live problems of the day, the 'Witness' contributes much reading of a lighter nature, stories for young and stories for old, a department for the boys (and enjoyed by the girls as well) the Home Department, devoted chiefly to the immediate interests of womankind, and the 'Children's Corner,' which has been the start to newspaper reading during the last half century of so many of Canada's most enlightened and aggressive citizens. These departments are both interesting and valuable. Reason number four is good.

So much for reasons positive, all good, and surely sufficient in themselves to make the price seem trivial in comparison to the value received in return. But there are other reasons which apply more particularly to homes where young people are growing up.

V. Advertising that is indecently worded or fraudulent, offering things harmful to body, mind or soul, or in any way calculated to injure the reader, are carefully excluded from the columns of the 'Witness.' To do this means to sacrifice between thirty thousand and fifty thousand dollars every year.

If the 'Witness' regards the interests of its readers so carefully, while other newspapers care so little for their welfare that they practically put in everything the law allows, surely the 'Witness' will be valued above such other papers, especially by those upon whom rests the responsibility of the upbringing of young people. Reason number five is good.

VI. Sensationalism—one of the most fruitful causes of outward crime and inward sin, is the sensational press, though this is little realized. The most disgusting details of murders and other fearful crimes are set forth in a highly colored and exaggerated way by a certain stamp of modern journalism, and the result is, as the poet has it—

'Vice is a monster of so dreadful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

Yes, the absence of sensationalism, of what is now known as 'yellow journalism,' should be one of the attractive features of the 'Witness.' A clean paper is the best for a clean home. Reason number six is good.

VII. One reason more—some papers are partizan, and most people like a paper that has only good things to say for the party it serves, the party of their choice. And some papers are as negative, as dumb as possible concerning anything on which there is a difference of opinion, fearful lest they should lose subscribers, and, we regret to say it, only speak out when they deem it in the interests of their business to do so. This party paper is far and away preferable to the other class of journal referred to, but neither of them can compare with a journal which strives only to give people the truth regardless of party or pocketbook, and is absolutely independent of either. A sincerely independent paper is the best for those who want to know the real truth. Reason number seven is good.

GENERALLY SPEAKING.

'Witness' readers are well informed.

'Witness' readers are good citizens.

'Witness' readers are thinkers.

'Witness' readers love their paper.

That speaks well for both the 'Witness' and its readers.

The logical deduction is either that good people choose the 'Witness' or that people become good by reading the 'Witness.'

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